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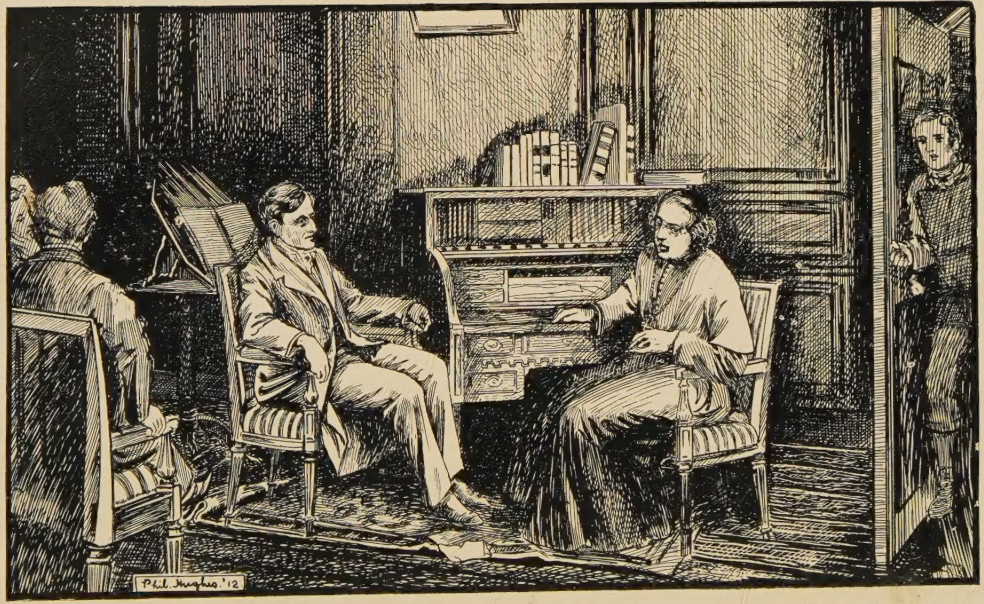

MEETING OF WISEMAN AND NEWMAN.

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THE

LIFE OF

NICHOLAS CARDINAL WISEMAN

by

Joseph Canavan, S.J.

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NICHOLAS CARDINAL WISEMAN

CHAPTER I

EARLY LIFE

THE story of Cardinal Wiseman's life is so crowded with episode that it would be impossible to tell it fully, fact by fact, in the few pages this book allows me. We can hope to do no more than insist upon a few outstanding points which, by reason of their intrinsic importance or their interpretative value of the Cardinal's character, force themselves upon our notice.

James Wiseman, the father of the future Cardinal, was an Irish merchant residing at Seville. He married twice, his second wife being a Miss Xaviera Strange, of Aylwardstown Castle, Co. Kilkenny. Nicholas, his son by his second wife, was born at Seville on August 2nd, 1802. Though Nicholas Wiseman left Spain while still young and spent his schooldays, first at Waterford and then at Ushaw, these early Spanish surroundings seem to have left an impression on him which lasted till the end.

The pomp, the splendid ritual, of Catholic Spain engrained in him a deep love for the ceremonials of worship. Later on Cardinal Wiseman used to say that he took as much pleasure in a grand service as others did in an opera or a tragedy.

In 1810 young Wiseman went to Ushaw College. Ushaw, the descendant of the English College at Douay founded by Cardinal Allen during the first years of persecution, fostered a spirit, a mental outlook peculiarly its own. It drew largely for its boys upon the persecuted English families, from houses which had sacrificed wealth, rank, political liberty, everything for the sake of the old Faith. Consequently, piety and strength of character were more prized at Ushaw than brilliance or originality. Its *alumni* were remarkable for a certain shyness, an aloofness, an inclination to shun publicity, a stubborn spirit of perseverance. They would endure any stress of fortune, they were ready to bear any hardships the times had in store for them, but they had no ambition to shape the opinions of the country after their own liking. In such a place, with such traditions, working on such a tacit agreement, Wiseman's Celtic characteristics were but feebly appreciated. The discipline was, above all things, severe, repressive, and the exuberance of Wiseman's imagination, his impressionableness and enthusiasm,

were undervalued. He was counted rather a stupid lad, though admitted on all sides to be a hard student. Still, it was a pity, people said, that he was interested in such queer, out-of-the-way subjects; but they did not interfere because, they thought, it did not really matter very much. Should such studies prove a solace to him afterwards they would be sufficiently useful, for he would never be called upon, as things then went, to turn them, or any others, to a practical purpose. However, Lingard and Challoner, who were at Ushaw at the time, encouraged Wiseman; and their kindly sympathy, together with their reputation for learning, quickened his desire for knowledge

The utilitarian atmosphere of the school, though it lay heavily on Wiseman's spirit just then, gave him, in reality, the training which was best calculated to fit him for his after-life. He was destined soon to pass to another land, full of beautiful associations, where he could give free rein to his fancy, and where *he* especially might have lost all mental balance, all sense of the due proportion of things, had Ushaw and its stern repressiveness never entered into his life. Writing to a nephew in later years he bears testimony to the value of his early education. He says: "The great lesson I learnt during the desolate years of college life is . . . self-reliance, not vanity

or presumption, but the determination to work for myself."

A cottage is still shown, not far from the College, where Wiseman, while sheltering from a storm, resolved to become a priest. In 1818 he left for the English College at Rome with a few companions. Cardinal Consalvi, Pius VII.'s brilliant minister, who had opposed Napoleon so strenuously, visited England in 1814. Charmed by the cordiality of his reception and the warm hospitality which had been extended to him, Consalvi, on his return to Rome, requested the Pope to open again the English College, which had been closed since the inroads of the French in 1798. Pius consented, and Consalvi was named Cardinal-Protector.

The English College, originally a house for the entertainment of pilgrims sojourning in the Holy City, was, when Henry VIII. broke with the Pope, converted into a seminary to train priests for the English mission. Its history was a striking one: the names of martyrs were on its rolls; its students had been hailed by the gentle Philip Neri as they walked the streets with *Salvete, flores martyrum*: "All hail, flowers of the martyrs!" Here, among the venerable corridors, Wiseman seemed to touch the very spirit of the past. He revelled in the old associations, filled his mind with the old traditions, let the memories of the

place grow on him, until the house was peopled, for him, by the heroes who had gone before. There was none of the stern discipline of Ushaw here; his days were not now wearisome and solitary, but filled with sights and echoes. He was happy, he felt at home, and, later on, he used to look back upon the years spent in Rome as the happiest of his life.

And Rome, just at this particular time, was the most interesting place in the world, and precisely for such reasons as would be most likely to fire Wiseman's imagination. The age was full of portents. The Church had been severely handled during the years of Napoleon's ascendancy; she had been crushed, and now she was stirring with life. She had been thrown down, and she was rising up like a beautiful flower in the springtime; she had been trampled upon, but the feet which had spurned her were stiff, and a new generation was lifting her to her old position and paying her homage; her ruler had been imprisoned and insulted, and now men of letters and politicians who differed from him in religion and politics spoke reverently of the Papacy as the most venerable, the most noble, thing in the world; she had been called *effete* and thrust aside as an anachronism, and now men said she was the only living institution in Europe. Scholars and artists flocked to Rome. Overbeck, the master of the

romantic schools, Canova, Platner, Mai, were there, until the City of the Popes was famous all through Europe for its studios and libraries. The exodus from Protestantism had begun, and it seemed likely that the Church would be called upon to lead the new civilization. It appeared to Wiseman, as he walked in the underground cemeteries of Rome, that, as the Church rose up of old from the catacombs into the full light of day, so now, at this particular time, she was waking up, after a somewhat similar manner, from a slumber which many of her enemies had said was the long sleep of death. Everything in the city, read in this light, took upon itself a new significance. It was so easy for one with thoughts like these to link the past with the present. And Wiseman, always more of an artist than a philosopher, always more enthusiastic over the expression of an ideal than the analysis of a concept, speaks constantly in his letters of how impressive this strange regeneration of the Church is to one who, with the evidences of great age around him in monuments and ruins, realizes that she is as old as these products of a civilization which has long since passed away.

Wiseman's life as a student at the Roman College was uneventful. The day was spent in routine duties—lectures in the morning, a walk to some interesting spot in the after-

noon, and, after the "Ave Maria," study and prayer till bedtime.

Though he was not fascinated by theology or philosophy, Wiseman worked conscientiously at his studies, and in 1824 took his degree of Doctor of Divinity with distinction at a great public act. He tells us how awed he felt at being so "painfully conspicuous," seated in a hall full of professors and students. In the following year he was ordained, and now that he could draw up his own time-table, he found more leisure for indulging his special bent. He was often in the libraries, where he met Mai and Fea. Old scholars as they were, they helped him in the more difficult portions of his reading. But the chief interest in the work came from himself. He breathed a soul into the palimpsests until the past lived for him in his quick imagination. Wiseman was, all through life, a man of sights and sounds, of passionate stirrings, rather than a lover of cold, metaphysical disquisitions, and Rome always exercised a charm over him chiefly because there he moved in a beautiful world which once had been quick and radiant, but which now really lived only for him and others who had tastes like his own.

He gave himself whole-heartedly to the study of Oriential languages, and in 1827 published his *Horæ Syriacæ*. The book brought him immediate fame. Letters

reached him from Bonn, and Vienna, and Berlin, and England. At the age of twenty-four he was accounted one of the most learned specialists in Europe, and men whose opinion was worth having promised him a brilliant academic career, and one, too, exceedingly useful of its kind. He was elected a Member of the Royal Asiatic Society. Leo XII. appointed him professor of Oriental Languages in the Roman University.

Though his worldly fortunes were prosperous, Wiseman was unhappy, for the studies had sown in his soul the seeds of doubt, which, notwithstanding the many evidences of Faith he saw all round him, rose up persistently on every possible occasion. Was the Catholic religion the true one? Were the evidences for Christianity genuine? Could the continuity of apostolic tradition be established by scholarship? He has himself described his state of mind at this period. "Many and many an hour," he writes, "have I passed alone, in bitter tears, on the *loggia* of the English College, when everyone was reposing in the afternoon, and I was fighting with subtle thoughts and venomous suggestions of a fiendlike infidelity which I durst not confide to anyone, for there is no one that could have sympathized with me. This lasted for years; but it made me study and think to conquer the plague

—for I can hardly call it danger—both for myself and for others. . . . But during the actual struggle the simple submission of faith is the only remedy. Thoughts against faith must be treated at the time like temptations against any other virtue—put away; though in cooler moments they may be safely analysed and unravelled." And again he speaks of these years as "years of solitude, of desolation . . . years of shattered nerves, dread often of instant insanity, consumptive weakness, of sleepless nights and weary days, and hours of tears which no one witnessed." By 1834, however, the worrying perplexity, the suspense, the division of mind left him, and he could once more appreciate the mysticity of religion, and enjoy to the full, in the calm of certainty, the sensations, the emotions, the "spiritual epicureanism," as he calls it, of the religious life.

In 1828 Dr. Gradwell, the Rector of the English College, was consecrated Bishop, and sent to England. Wiseman, not yet twenty-six years of age, was appointed his successor. He held the post till 1840, and through his official position he came in touch with persons he might never otherwise have met, and gained influence of a valuable kind. He had, moreover, been ordered by the Pope to preach a series of sermons in English for the benefit of the English visitors. Thus he became known:

his remarkable gifts, his reputation for learning procured him an opening in many quarters. He was invited now to one house and now to another. At Duke Torlonia's he meets Lord and Lady Arundell; he talks to Cullen (afterwards Cardinal Cullen), who is anxious about a certain Mr. Hillyer lately become a Catholic; he is bored by Lady Westmoreland, who insists upon pouring her grievances into his ear, and escapes through a fortunate interruption, just before "Ave Maria"; he probes the extent of Mezzofanti's linguistic lore, speaking with him in half a dozen languages, including Arabic and Persian; he visits Archbishop Trench and Lord Spencer at their villas; and is called upon by Mr. Gladstone, Charles Marriott, Lord Macaulay, Newman, and Hurrell Froude. Mai and Testa ask for information about O'Connell's doings and the likelihood of his success. And whatever time remains is spent mostly in writing long letters and giving long audiences.

Frequently a visit to a studio is mentioned in his diary and the criticism he made is noted—and the remarks are invariably shrewd. He goes over Kelsall's studio in the Piazza Barberini and comments admiringly on his "Dioscobolus." He makes up the history of stained glass. He does a hundred and one things, apparently quite capriciously, and without any

definite object in view. His professional studies, by reason of these many pursuits and occupations, were considerably interrupted, but, on the other hand, he was contracting influential friendships, and acquiring a wide culture, a sagacity in dealing with the world, which were to stand him in good stead later on.

The students who were then at the English College invariably speak of their Rector with admiration. They were especially impressed by the breadth of his scholarship and the variety of his interests. He talked to them on a multitude of subjects; he seemed to know something about everything, and everything about something; and he was easily interested, even in the most trivial things. Once a week he took them to a catacomb, or a basilica, or a ruin, explaining minutely the significance of the design or the history of the place. His intercourse with the students was always cordial, though at times he felt a little lonely among a body of men whose tastes frequently differed from his own. Their relations, however, were never strained. The Rector interested himself in every detail. He prepared the music for the College, and was keenly gratified when it was well rendered. And when anybody under his charge fell upon some trouble, he was kind even to tenderness. One of the students fell ill and Wiseman watched by

his bedside night and day. When he died the Rector was in great grief—he did not know how to break the news to the mother.

All through his life we notice the same genial traits in Wiseman's character—the expansiveness of his charity, the boyish *bonhomie* and good humour, the Celtic impressionableness which was so easily stirred and which prompted him to look to others for sympathy. Intensely imaginative, but at the same time simple as a child, he could see, as by some gift of divination, further than the concrete perception, and feel more than the actual sensation gave just here and now. Consequently he was able to gauge more accurately what others suffered than a man of colder disposition. With such gifts his government of the College was mild, and he won the affection of the students by his kindliness, as well as their esteem by the width and accuracy of his learning.

CHAPTER II

PREPARATION

THE varied intercourse with the outside world which Wiseman enjoyed as Rector of the English College brought prominently before his notice the position of affairs in Europe. The world had gone forward a good deal during the previous

fifty years. In the general break-up ushered in by the Revolution, and the resettlement after the Napoleonic wars, countries had been divided, provinces handed over to new masters; old ideals had been shattered, and a novel code in politics and Church organization had been introduced. The younger generation thought differently from their fathers on most questions, and cherished widely different aspirations. But the Church was what she had ever been—the same in doctrine, the same in principle, the only old-world thing, in fact, which remained in the new setting. And it was startling, to say the least of it, that without arms, and merely by the force of a subtle moral influence, she had come forth victorious from campaigns where thrones had fallen. She had suffered sorely, it is true, but now, when the tumult had subsided, and men could reason coolly on the issues, they said that in the universal disintegration, notwithstanding the fierce hatred between race and race so accentuated by the recent years of bloodshed, the Church could count her sons in every land, who, bound together by no visible political tie, offered loyal allegiance to an old man reigning in Rome. And this was all the more remarkable from the fact that Napoleon's ambitious schemes of centralization had so quickened the desire for national independence that the very worship of

God was regarded as a local and national affair. It was a spectacle many wondered at, for here, in the hard-headed modern world, was a phenomenon so unique that it could not lightly be explained away.

The Congress of Vienna, where Cardinal Consalvi so ably represented the Pope, had dealt fairly with the Papal States. They were left practically intact, except that Austria acquired garrison rights in Ferrara and Comacchio. In Italy, however, this settlement did not give satisfaction. The Italians thought it a hard thing to bear that Austria should be allowed to interfere, even in a small way, with the internal affairs of the Peninsula. They judged, and judged rightly, that so long as a foreign power held sway among them, the federation of the Italian States would never be anything more than a dream. Eventually, a secret society, called the Carbonari or Charcoal Burners, was organized, with the avowed purpose of expelling the Austrians and uniting the States of Italy into a corporate whole. It imposed stringent conditions upon its members and exacted from them a rigorous obedience in what they deemed a sacred cause. As is the way with secret societies, its plans were desperate and often unscrupulous. Mazzini has described how, at his own initiation, he was terrified by the stern resolution of these men, who were prepared to go to any lengths for the

attainment of their ends. In Italy the Carbonari were mainly republicans, but in France they were largely responsible for setting Louis Philippe on the throne.

Leo XII. died in February, 1829, and the pontificate of Pius VIII., who succeeded him, was short but memorable ; for in 1830 the Revolution broke out in Holland, Belgium, and France, and the Papal States were, in consequence, disturbed, after a calm which had lasted for fifteen years. Keen-sighted men saw then, apparently for the first time, how things would end. Capaccini, Consalvi's secretary, alluding to the wresting of the Papal States from the Pope, is reported to have said : " We all foresee what it must result in. But, mark ! when the old Lion shall be restricted to his narrow cage he will yet shake his bars so as to make Europe tremble."

Pius VIII. considered that the Carbonari were responsible for any acts of violence which had occurred, and he issued decrees against them. But he was an old man and the anxieties of the situation so weighed upon him that he died on December 1st, 1830, after a brief pontificate of little more than a year's duration. Cardinal Cappellari, who was elected in his place, took the name of Gregory XVI.

On the very day of Gregory's consecration rumours reached Rome of an insurrection in the provinces. The revolutionary

forces were at first successful, but shortly the wheel of fortune turned, and Zucchi, the republican general, was defeated by the Austrians at Rimini, while Sercognani surrendered a little later to Bishop Mastai, afterward Pius IX. And so the rising was suppressed, but the forces working beneath were still active, and ultimately they placed the House of Savoy on the Italian throne.

However, though the temporal possessions of the Papacy were being menaced, and men most interested in the event, and with the best opportunity of forming a correct judgment, looked upon the defeat of the Church as a foregone conclusion, fresh and fresh evidences of the growth of her moral influence were forthcoming every day.

In Germany, Döllinger was doing immense good by historical research. He was acknowledged on all sides to be one of the most learned historians in Europe, a man, indeed, whose decisions in his own branch of scholarship were generally considered final. And in this religious revival, when men felt the need of some sort of religion as an imperative necessity, Döllinger did much to show that the Catholic Faith was the only one worth accepting. As a consequence, so numerous were the conversions, especially in literary circles, that many thought Protestantism had run its course. Schlegel, just before his reception

into the Church, wrote as follows: "The Protestant system does not satisfy me any longer. . . . I am convinced that the time is not far off when all Christians will reunite in the old faith. The work of the Reformation is accomplished; the pride of human reason which was evident in the first reformers, and still more in their successors, has guided us so ill, especially during the last century, that it has come into antagonism with itself and destroyed itself. It is, perhaps, ordained that those who have influence on the opinion of their contemporaries shall publicly renounce it, and thus assist in preparing a union with the one Church of former days."

Just about this time the Abbé Lamennais called upon Wiseman at the Collegio Inglese. Backed by a brilliant staff of writers, Lamennais had urged in *L'Avenir* the reasonableness of his view—the necessity of uniting Democracy and Ultramontanism. He advocated the principles of "A Free Church in a Free State" and "The Freedom of the Press." He thought that the clergy should live by the alms of the people, that the State should not be their paymaster, for, as government officials, they were considerably hampered in the discharge of their duties. He insisted that though they should, in the event, be poorer in worldly goods, they would gain a larger measure of independence. But there were difficulties:

the clergy, the body most concerned in the matter, opposed the policy of *L'Avenir*, and Lamennais came to Rome with Montalembert to plead his cause. Fragile, pale, small, unimposing in appearance, the editor of *L'Avenir* appeared little in public; but his conversation, brilliant, incisive, as clearly cut and delicately ornamented as the finest metal work, had within it an earnestness, a depth, a suggestiveness, which could influence men. He spoke often to Wiseman of the work he would like to do for the betterment of the Church in France; and as he leaned forward in his chair, with his eyes closed, his hands folded before him, his face glowing as if he saw a vision, speaking so elegantly and with such a wealth of fancy, some of his enthusiasm entered into the blood of Wiseman. Then the thought would strike him almost reproachfully, "Why cannot I do something similar for England?" And the words of Father Ignatius Spencer, the holy and zealous convert, would ring again in his ears, urging him "to apply his mind to something more practical than Syrian MSS. or treatises of geology, and that it would be better for him to take up with what suited a priest on the English mission as it then was."

And besides, news came to Rome just now of Lacordaire's conferences at Nôtre Dame, and their wonderful success. The

young men of Paris flocked to hear them and went away deeply impressed by what they heard. Ozanam, too, the brilliant professor of the Sorbonne, had made the history of the early Christian centuries his own, and was showing, with overpowering eloquence, how stainless and beautiful Catholicism was in its origins. The result was that the Church once more grew popular in France ; she was once again treated with deference.

Wiseman knew, from letters which he had received from England, that in England, likewise, there was the same restlessness, the same trouble of spirit, the same dissatisfaction with the existing modes of thought. And once he grasped the true significance of the facts which had been narrated to him he immediately formed plans for wider and more practical work there than he was engaged in, just then, at Rome. His hopes were high, and his belief in the integrity of Catholic doctrine was so strong, that to a man of his sanguine temperament it seemed probable that many would accept his position once they had been confronted with it. And men, he was assured, *were* considering the claims of the Church fairly, taking them on their merits and allowing for any flaw which might intrude itself into their train of argument by reason of past training and associations. But though his whole heart

was in the cause he was loath to go to work precipitately. He waited for more light; he wanted to see more clearly how the ground lay, what were the possibilities of success, how much precisely he was warranted to hope for in the new endeavour. He knew that he would have, in any case, to make a venture, but just now he did not see quite clearly enough how the enterprise would work out. He had to begin somewhere and leave the result to God; but he had not yet found a suitable opening nor decided where or how he was to begin. Meanwhile he sent two sermons for publication in England, and the *Catholic Magazine* having lately been set on foot, Wiseman promised to contribute as an earnest of his good-will. He felt his way carefully at first, for he was, to a very large degree, working in the dark. And it was not till years afterwards when the Catholic Hierarchy in England was an accomplished fact, that a broad light lay on the road he and his successors were to travel.

The Rector of the English College also received, every now and again, from foreign missionaries in the East, letters full of accounts of the wonderful work they were doing. In between the lines he read the hardships, the disappointments, the patient, incessant toil given without any hope of an earthly reward, which make up the life of an apostle. He was much struck by the

devotion of these silent men who laboured so heroically for the propagation of the faith, creating a good impression here, baptizing a village there, making the way straight for those who should come after them. Such accounts, coming in together with the others from Europe, naturally roused the ardent temperament of Wiseman, and again the thought suggested itself to him, "Why could not something similar be done for England? It would demand self-sacrifice, but what was that when weighed in the balance with the inestimable result?"

Such was Wiseman's frame of mind when Froude and Newman called upon him in 1833, and their visit, more than anything else, brought his resolutions to a head, for it convinced him that his hopes were not merely visionary. They came to ask the Rector whether or not they could be received into the Church on certain conditions of their own, for their consciences forbade them to accept the whole of Catholic dogma. They assured Wiseman that they were not mere units in the matter, but that they voiced the sentiments of a large portion of the Anglican body who were anxious for some sort of corporate union with Rome on what they considered a reasonable basis. But Wiseman pointed out that no such compromise could be effected. The Church was, above all things, exclusive, just precisely because she was Catholic: wherefore

they were obliged to accept the whole of Catholic doctrine or, failing that, remain outside the pale of the Church. Froude, especially, was greatly shocked at the idea of having to swallow the Council of Trent as a whole. The subject was, in consequence, peremptorily dropped. In a little while Froude died, and Newman, after twelve years of doubt and wavering, at length made his submission. But the conversation, though it bore no immediate fruit so far as Newman or Froude were concerned, marked a crisis in Wiseman's career. His doubts about matters of faith completely vanished, and he entered on a "new state of mind." He writes as follows: "From the day of Newman and Froude's visit to me, never for an instant did I waver in my convictions that a new era had commenced in England . . . to this grand object I devoted myself . . . the favourite studies of former years were abandoned for the pursuit of this aim alone."

And this conviction was considerably strengthened by the abjurations of Protestantism which had recently been made in Rome. Wiseman's office of English preacher naturally marked him out as the one to whom Englishmen should turn in their difficulties; and in many cases it was through *his* words that the change had been wrought. Thus, from such various

sources the tendencies of the times were emphasized for him, and it began to dawn upon him that perhaps he was the man ordained by God to direct these tendencies to their proper fulfilment.

He formed the resolve of visiting England in 1834, and even went so far as to procure from the Pope the charter of a new Catholic University which he proposed to establish there.

For the few months which remained before the time for his departure from Rome, Wiseman went back to his books, and, during the Lent of 1835, he gave his memorable lectures on the "Connexion between Science and Revealed Religion" in Cardinal Weld's rooms at the Palazzo Odescalchi. The *Horæ Syriacæ* had brought him fame, but now, if anything, his renown was increased. His method was simple and straightforward. He took up, one by one, the inconsistencies which the science of the day professed to find in Revealed Religion, and showed, in a masterly manner, that the conclusions of scientists were, in this matter, unfounded; and he pointed out that, on the contrary, science itself was one of the most flagrant of inconsistencies, for many of its statements were deductions from uncertain hypotheses, and that it frequently abandoned, often without a word of comment or apology, the criteria it had set up but a few years previously.

Wiseman's argument for Christianity is a cumulative one, drawn from many sources and incapable of being thrown into syllogistic form. For certainty is a subjective state which baffles only too frequently our best efforts to analyse its grounds. He writes thus: "Christian evidence, external and internal, consists of numerous and various considerations, dovetailed and riveted so strongly together that a particular attack on one point is borne by the rest; so that we incur greater difficulty by supposing the whole system of Christianity false in consequence of a single objection, than we do by confessing our inability to answer, and inhering, nevertheless, to the cause which it impugns." The lectures excited great interest in men of theological tastes. But, in spite of his successes in academic circles, Wiseman determined for the future to part company with his books and play the part of a public man.

He crossed over to England in 1835, and though the visit was a brief one it proved of the greatest value to him, because it gave him an opportunity of calculating the strength of the forces he would have to encounter, and the stuff he would have to work with. He found that though the Emancipation Act had given political freedom to the Catholics, they were considerably hampered in the exercise of this

freedom by the pressure of public opinion. The old prejudices, born of persecution and misunderstanding, remained on either side. Each distrusted the other; each thought the other was unfriendly.

It would be well to try to realize, in a short space, what exactly the social standing of Catholics was when Wiseman came among them in 1835. They were usually called "Papists," and the name was barbed with insult.

It is unnecessary to recount the penal laws under which the Catholics laboured. To all who have the smallest acquaintance with the history of the Church in these islands they are only too familiar. Suffice it to say that the code was not unlike that drawn up for Ireland—the same restrictions, the same fines, the same severe system of espionage. A Catholic might not own a horse worth more than £5; he could not send his boy to the Continent to be educated, nor harbour a priest, nor hear Mass; and he was fair game for anyone who chose to turn informer.

However, time as it passed brought some measure of relief. First, under pressure of the American war and the fear of an Irish revolt, small concessions were granted. Still, the larger grievances remained—a boy might not yet be sent to Douay or a priest reside in England. And then, gradually, the public grew more indifferent.

The Catholics had been so segregated from the life of the nation that numberless Englishmen had never even seen a "Papist." By most they were only heard of in stories or fables, but never seen in real life, and it was surely absurd to be so bitter against a creature which had, to all intents and purposes, ceased to exist. The new school of Liberal writers and politicians—Lord Macaulay, Sydney Smith, and Lord Brougham—scoffed openly at the No-Popery scare. The Catholics were harmless and unoffending. Why, even during the Gordon riots they could not be goaded to retaliation. Sydney Smith spoke for them, but contemptuously, with the air of a patron towards an inferior. He championed their interests only because he thought it too ridiculous to look on their religion as anything but an effete, worn-out thing, and their devotion to the Church with any other sentiment than the pity of comfortable people for the pathetic loyalty of a handful of men to a lost cause.

And there were positive as well as negative influences at work. The *émigrés* priests driven from France by the stress of the Revolution did much to dispel the prejudices of Protestants. These men led simple, pious lives, and worked uncomplainingly among an alien people; and it came home to Protestants that at least some Catholics were good men. The Catholic

Committee also, though it went too far in its endeavour to win the favour of Protestants, showed to the country at large that all the Catholics wanted was to live and let live, and that, whatever else they might be, they were not enemies of the King, bound by oath to a foreign allegiance.

As a consequence of the evil things they had suffered in the past, and the contempt in which they were held at the time, Wiseman noticed, on his arrival in England, that the Catholics were, for the most part, dispirited and out of touch with national affairs. Cut off from the intellectual life of the country (for they had been debarred from attendance at the Universities), they were uneducated, having none of that culture and refinement which contact with the world invariably bestows. They lived on their estates among their horses and dogs, and became the type of English squirearchy. They were conspicuous for a habit of passing their days in a closed circle of acquaintances which they guarded jealously from intrusion, and where the doings of the outside world hardly ever penetrated. They were more a clique than a party. They went from one house to another, year after year, on a gradually decreasing round, associating only with those who were as badly off as they were themselves (so far as education was concerned), and intermarried so frequently

that most of the old Catholic houses were joined together by some tie of relationship. In this way they contracted all the characteristics of an exclusive sect, the narrowness of judgment, the suspicion, the contempt of any opinion that differed from their own. And what crushed them completely, chiefly because they had no means of remedying it, was, that they were made to feel they were not on a footing of equality with their Protestant neighbours. And nothing so infallibly shatters all confidence in the strength of one's cause as this persistently scornful attitude of mind on the part of those in power towards one's most cherished convictions.

At the places where he stayed during his tour Wiseman heard thrilling stories of the pre-Emancipation days from men who had gone through the experiences themselves or heard of them from their fathers. One gentleman had been compelled, not so many years before, to sell his four carriage horses to a Protestant neighbour at £5 a piece: for such was the law. The Catholics were subjected to a kind of social ostracism. The presence of a Catholic guest at a dinner party was a circumstance demanding an apology from the host. To confess belief in Catholicism was to lay yourself open to insult. The Catholics were compelled to shun the light of day like a gang of conspirators. Challoner re-

sorted to every manner of artifice to secure immunity from interruption in the discharge of his priestly office. At his Mass, said in a small room in London, the door would be slightly opened for each individual who knocked, and after he had been recognized and admitted it was carefully closed again. The "Windmill" public-house was still shown where Challoner would gather his little flock together in a parlour and order beer and clay-pipes to remove all suspicion as to the nature of their business. Then, when the waiters had withdrawn, he would preach and exhort his hearers to patience.

Thus, downtrodden and spied upon maliciously, the English Catholics were utterly broken in spirit. And now, when a measure of liberty had been granted to them, they felt strange in their new surroundings; they did not know what to do with the gift; they were too diffident, too untrained, to take up any public burden; they were too timid to risk the public gaze. In fact, they even doubted whether the tolerance extended to them was for their good or their harm. They had held steadfastly to the Faith during the season of trial and had suffered sorely. If the trial continued it would indeed be a calamity, but they knew what sacrifices would be asked of them, and where precisely they stood, for they had had experience. But this season of prosperity

just then opening before them might be fraught with insidious evil, which they could but dimly forestall. It was possible that in the hurry of life, when they could, henceforth, take their chances equally with all competitors, they should grow cold towards the Faith for which they had sacrificed so much. In some such strain as this and with such a note of warning, Bishop Bramston wrote his first pastoral after Emancipation.

Wiseman, who, immediately on his arrival, set about acquainting himself with the state of things among the Catholics of England and Ireland, soon saw, for the reasons we have given, that the English Catholics were incapable of influencing public opinion. They had not that buoyant hopefulness which makes so much for victory. It was evident to him that their leader must come from without. And *he* came from without. He had spent the greater part of his life abroad, where the Church held pride of place, where religious bitterness and sectarian animosity had not as yet entered in to any appreciable extent. He was free from the prejudices, the mistrust, of the downtrodden "Papists." And so the conviction forced itself upon him that he was the man marked out by God to lead the English Catholics on their new road.

And the times were certainly ripe for a venture such as Wiseman contemplated.

He saw all around him a general dissatisfaction with the current philosophies, a turning for consolation away from what was modern to what was old. Men were disgusted with the utilitarian systems of Bentham and Mill, because by their denial of a future existence and their measurement of all worth according to a rule of sensual pleasure and pain, they cast out the beautiful in life and reduced everything noble to a smug commonplace. The influence of the Church of England was visibly diminishing. People did not care to turn to her in their hour of need. The rectors, not infrequently, were perpetual absentees; the benefices were farmed by wealthy pluralists; the clergy inspired no respect. In fact, so low had the Established Church fallen at this period that Mozley says "it was folding its robes to die with what dignity it could."

And Newman, too, at Oxford, was preaching a crusade of reformation. His words attracted wide attention, for his style was strong. He thought that the Anglican Church could not go on much longer as it then was: there was need of changes from within. It should approach nearer to Catholic unity and the teachings of the primitive Fathers.

Just at this time, and with such a background, Wiseman preached a course of sermons at the Chapel of the Sardinian

Embassy in London. He had come to England with a reputation, and crowds flocked to hear him. Courteous in discussion, sober in criticism, fair in the exposition of an opponent's view, Wiseman was not at all the kind of person the English people expected him to be. They had been taught to believe that a Popish priest was the lowest type of humanity, a man without principle or good breeding. But now when they saw one in flesh and blood (the first who had for so many years dared to stand up and preach publicly) they were amazed at the difference between the picture and the reality. Thus, by his geniality and candid bearing, Wiseman did much at the outset to remove initial prejudice.

The sermons themselves, apart from the manner in which they were delivered, were remarkable, and excited much comment. Newman wrote about them in the *British Critic*, and so enthusiastically that some of his Protestant friends took alarm. The papers published them and printed letters about them. Frequently they chronicled a conversion to Catholicism as the result of Wiseman's words: and one day it was announced that Augustus Welby Pugin, the architect, had become a Catholic.

Wiseman was surprised at the reception the lectures received. He was well-nigh overcome with joy to find that the Catholic cause had at last obtained a hearing. He

writes in December, to a friend: "I have two lectures every week. The effect has been a thousand times beyond my expectations. The chapel is crowded to suffocation, every seat is occupied half an hour before the Compline, and if it were three times as large it would be full. . . . Last week I treated of Church Authority, and this of the Real Presence; next week, the Supremacy and Indulgences, etc. . . . Everyone agrees that a most successful experiment has been made, and that proof has been given of the interest which may be thrown round the Catholic doctrines by a little exertion."

One of the last things Wiseman did during this crowded visit was to found, in conjunction with O'Connell, the *Dublin Review*, to take the place of the *Catholic Magazine*, which had not been giving satisfaction. He waited till the first two numbers had been issued, and then returned to Rome.

Henceforth his chief interests lay in England. The signs of the times were significant. Men were looking back and comparing their present condition with what they had been. He had gone boldly into England, and spoken from a public place on Roman doctrines as a Roman priest, and he had been heard with deference. As Mr. W. Ward puts it: "He saw that Englishmen were looking for something—

they did not know what. Wiseman meant to ask them if, perchance, it was the religion of their forefathers." The field was white for the harvest, and, as far as he could see, God meant him to be the chief harvester. So he left England sadly enough, but with the determination to return at some future date and work out his mission.

CHAPTER III

WISEMAN IN ENGLAND

On his return to Rome Wiseman took up his student life once more. Still his heart was in England, and he looked forward anxiously to the time when he would return and work for her conversion. He wrote frequently to his English friends, confiding to them his thoughts and plans, and with Dr. Newsham in particular he was most frank and communicative. He considered that the English clergy were not sufficiently zealous, that they were half-hearted in their work and took their responsibilities too easily; that they needed some great idea to be presented to them which would be hard to realize, but whose concrete embodiment was, nevertheless, attainable, some enterprise, in fact, involving self-sacrifice and courage in order to rouse them from their habitual listlessness to something

like an apostolic enthusiasm. He proposed therefore, to establish a community of learned, pious, eloquent men who would go about the country two by two, like the disciples sent by our Lord, and give missions and retreats. In spite of his artistic tastes and vivid imagination, or, rather, because of these things, Wiseman was no dreamer, but a man who strove on every occasion to translate his thought into action. His journey to England had convinced him that what the country needed most was greater fervour and devotion in religious exercises, and consequently he began to look around for the means best suited to meet this need.

Here, in the solitude of the English College, away from the fret and hurry of the world, Wiseman made a Retreat which proved to be a landmark in his life. Prejudiced against the Jesuits for what he considered their "repressive asceticism," he nevertheless invited one of the Society to give the annual Retreat on this occasion. He attended the lectures himself, and went through the Meditations as the others did, and he notes at the end of the eight days that though he never *felt* less fervent at the conclusion of a Retreat, yet he never before so deeply appreciated or fully understood the great truths of Christianity. The Exercises of St. Ignatius, so severely logical that, when once grasped, they hold the mind in a kind of vice, and so austerely

brief and sparing of words that they leave most of the development to the exercitant himself, impressed Wiseman immensely. His ideas about the Society underwent a complete change. And afterwards, when he was called upon to give Retreats himself, he followed the Exercises closely. Now, however, the immediate fruit was noticeable to all in a quiet devotedness on the part of the students to the duties of their high calling, and a placid enthusiasm in their work, born not of transitory excitement but of a deep, abiding conviction. The Rector, too, came forward henceforth in a new capacity—that of spiritual director. Many of the students had recourse to him, in their difficulties, for comfort and guidance, and so the bond between them was strengthened and his influence over them became more powerful. Thus, by prayer and solitude, God was preparing him for his active mission in the world and the bitter trials which awaited him. Here, in such a school, he realized the meaning of life and the value of faith; and here, likewise, he learned that spirit of perseverance, so alien to his imaginative and volatile character, which carried him over so many estrangements and disappointments.

In 1839 Wiseman came to England a second time. During this visit he preached a memorable sermon at Derby, which, following closely the line of argument so

forcibly urged by Newman later on in *The Development of Doctrine* shows how accurately he read the signs of the time. The Puseyites declared that though the Church was excessively hard on innovators and always regarded them with suspicion, it would not be difficult to prove that she herself was the greatest innovator of all. She had thrust a new doctrine upon the world, a new view of life and its obligations which had revolutionized society. Not content with this, she proceeded to add to the treasure she had originally received, appropriating something here, annexing something there, stealing a beautiful piece of ceremonial from Paganism or a mystical thought from Platonism, until at length, like the sea-god in the *Republic*, the primitive form could hardly be recognized beneath the accretions of ages. Wiseman replied with the old contention of St. Vincent of Lerins, repeated times without number since, that the Church is not a dead, barren thing, like a brown leaf; that she grows like any other living organism; that she expands on an inner principle working and living within her, helping her continuously to adjust what is internal to the external machinery of life; that the man is in the child.

Though his sermon at Derby impressed such as heard him, the articles which he wrote for the *Dublin Review*, and especially

the one on "The Anglican Claims of Apostolical Succession," were destined to have more important and lasting results. People were tired (especially now, when famine in Ireland and social misery were threatening) of fine theological distinctions, of elegant and scholarly examination into minute points of textual authenticity or exegesis. Arnold had taught the country to look for something practical, and the essays struck a note which instantly gained them sympathetic readers. Laying aside everything that looked like sophistry or quibbling, Wiseman went straight to the main point at issue between Protestantism and Catholicism. He brought vividly before the minds of Englishmen a concrete fact—the long tale of centuries the Church could tell, and the oneness of her doctrine throughout. And what had the Church to say about the Anglican theology? Did she agree to it? Nay, she pronounced it schismatical and heretical, just as she had condemned the Monophysites and Donatists, because they, like it, had separated themselves from the Catholic Church and refused to submit to the decisions of councils convened to examine their doctrines. And then, the Catholic Church must necessarily be uniform in teaching. But what or where was the Anglican Church? English divines competent to give an opinion were not agreed as to what the Anglican Church really was.

Whately said that the true church "was a divine religious society, distinct in its origin and existence, distinct in its attributes from any other"; and those who adopted this definition said that the Anglican Church was such. It was the "nation," Hooker said. However, they were all agreed that the Church of England, and not the Church of Rome, was the uninterrupted, historical church, possessing the sum and substance of primitive teaching. Now, argued Wiseman, if the Donatists "supposed that each national church has an independent existence; if they claimed the title of Catholic and strove to fasten such names as Mensurians and Caecilianists on the Catholics themselves"; if they were merely local, confined to one small corner of the earth—then they were not unlike the Protestant body as he knew it. The Catholic Church cut them off as she cut off Protestantism later on, and *ipso facto* they were declared heretical. Then he quoted those words of St. Augustine, which rang for many a long day through Newman's brain like a refrain: "Quapropter securus judicat orbis terrarum, bonos non esse qui se dividunt ab orbe terrarum, in quacumque parte orbis terrarum."*

* "Wherefore the entire world judges with security that they are not good who separate themselves from the entire world, in whatever part of the entire world."

The essay created a stir in Oxford. Newman read it and declared that it gave him a "stomach-ache." "'Securus judicat orbis terrarum.' By these great words of the ancient Father, interpreting and summing up the long and varied course of ecclesiastical history, the theory of the *via media* was absolutely pulverized." And again: "I saw my face in a mirror and I was a Monophysite. . . . I had seen the shadow of a hand on the wall. He who has seen a ghost cannot be as if he had never seen it. The heavens had opened and closed again." Such was the critical state of affairs when Wiseman left for Rome.

His stay in Rome was destined to be but brief. The Pope, heartened by the good tidings he heard of the increase of Catholicism in England, determined to increase the number of Vicars-Apostolic who governed the Church there from four to eight. Wiseman was named Titular Bishop of Melipotamus, Coadjutor to Bishop Walsh of the Central District, and President of Oscott.

Prior to consecration he made a Retreat at a house of the Passionists, to fortify himself for the onerous duties of the episcopate, and ponder over the line of action he would adopt. His resolutions, written out after the Retreat was ended, testify to his deep spirituality, his reliance on prayer

and humility above all worldly resources, and the single-mindedness with which he entered on his labours. He realized that the greatest thing a man can do on earth is to be "about his Father's business," not in the way he likes best, but in the way Christ taught him to do it. And though he possessed vast learning and brilliant talents, his own devotions were of the simplest kind. He tells us later on, quite incidentally, that when he felt lonely at Oscott, with scarce a friend among the Community who sympathized with his broad aims and conciliatory methods, he used to spend hours of the silent night before the Blessed Sacrament, when everybody else was asleep. Now his resolutions turn largely on how he would spread devotion through the country. He would preach on the Blessed Virgin and lead hearts to love her; he would promote study among the clergy; he would open a house of retreats for the laity and start conferences in every deanship, to rouse in his flock a zeal for the things of God; and he would rely largely for success, so far as he himself was concerned, on an unfailing kindness in word and deed.

Wiseman was consecrated Bishop in the chapel of the English College by Cardinal Fransoni on June 8th, 1840. His mother was present at the ceremony. On August 1st he quitted Rome, and the parting from

friends, and family, and dear associations, left him sad. He writes in 1857, after he had experienced his full share of sorrow and disappointment, in that strain of pathetic wistfulness which was so remarkably one of his Irish traits: "It was a sorrowful evening when, after a residence in Rome prolonged through twenty-two years, till affection clung to every old stone there, like the moss which grew with it, this slender but strong tie was cut, and most of future happiness had to be invested in the mournful recollections of the past."

On September 16th, 1840, Wiseman reached Oscott and was enthusiastically received. The boys took the horses from under his carriage and drew it up the avenue. The choir chanted, the priests walked in copes and dalmatics, and the whole splendid ceremonial prescribed for the arrival of a Bishop was observed. As President, Wiseman was not a complete success, at least from one point of view: he did not interest himself much in the routine work of the College, and nothing could induce him to descend to details. He was endowed with none of the orderliness, the dull persistency of the "permanent official." Consequently, the pecuniary affairs of the College were ill-managed, and debts began to accumulate. But this did not seem to weigh heavily on him. He cherished large designs and let the ordinary

humdrum work go its own way and right itself as best it could ; and such work always does right itself because it cannot afford to go wrong. It is useless to rail at such men ; the world needs them as well as the others. The President wished Oscott to be not merely a school for the education of boys, busying itself about the little affairs of teaching, but the centre of the Catholic Movement in England. He had

" Among least things
An undersense of greatest ; saw the parts
As parts, but with a feeling for the whole."

Few of the professors sympathized with him. Like many professional men, experts in their own branch, and engrossed in their personal pursuits, they were keenly alive to the paramount importance of these, and wished to see them through successfully. Their whole mind was so taken up with their own occupations that they had neither leisure nor inclination to lend an ear to anything that did not bear directly upon them. Wiseman was President of the College ; why then did he not mind his business ? Did he not know that the great motto of success is " Age quod agis " ? What did this constant journeying over the country from one house to another, this frequent entertainment of visitors, mean, when the College itself was in difficulties, and its affairs well deserved the President's undivided attention ? But

Wiseman was, above all things, an eclectic, a man capable of embracing and being interested in many things at the same time; and while his lengthy course of study and extraordinary gifts saved him from the proverbial shallowness of the *dilettante*, he nursed the splendid projects which such men invariably delight in. He could not run in a groove and be contented there; he could not tie himself down rigidly to a prosaic time-table. He looked at things from a more elevated plane than the excellent professors of Oscott, and they could not climb to his position.

However, he was sincerely loved by the boys, many of whom chose him for their spiritual director. Often he would be seen on the playground with a group of eager listeners about him, open-mouthed and intensely interested in the tales he told. On these occasions he used to lay aside his slight pompousness of manner, and forgetting, for the time being, that he was a dignitary of the Church, and hedged round with the sanctity of his office, he would become a boy again, full of fun and careless good humour. So beloved was he that when he left Oscott many refused to remain on. He had attracted them, he had kept them there, his kindness had made the place feel like home, his genial smile had cheered them through the slow, dull term, and when he was gone there was no inducement to stay.

And then Pugin and Father Spencer supported him. Father Spencer, placing his whole confidence in ways and means that are not of this world, was pleased with Wiseman's plans for the spread of devotion through the country. And Pugin, though he at first eyed the President with suspicion, thinking little good could come of a man who had spent the greater part of his life among the barbarisms of Roman architecture, quickly came to love him for his enthusiasm towards the Gothic Revival. The intimacy between Pugin and Wiseman lasted to the end, though occasionally it was disturbed, for Pugin immediately condemned to the utmost extremities of torture anybody who differed from him over Church music or art. He was furious with Wiseman for threatening to remove the rood screen at St. Chad's, and gave notice of instant cessation of work should such a piece of vandalism be attempted. But the quarrel was speedily patched up, and the screen remained.

Meanwhile Oscott was growing into a place of importance. There Wiseman was visited by Mr. Gladstone, Lord Spencer, the Duc de Bordeaux, and Mr. Monckton Milnes (afterwards Lord Houghton). Lord Acton thus describes his reminiscences: "We used to see him with Lord Shrewsbury, with O'Connell, with Father Mathew, with a Mesopotamian Patriarch, and we had a

feeling that Oscott, next to Pekin, was the centre of the world." And again: "Our impressions of Dr. Wiseman were pleasant. We were proud of him; we were not afraid of him; he was approachable and gracious, and no great friend of discipline, and I heard him boast that he never assigned punishment." He was often seen walking arm in arm with O'Connell along the corridors of the College, telling good stories to the Liberator and laughing heartily at what he heard in return. When O'Connell died Wiseman prepared the Requiem and carried it through with great pomp. He revelled in the Church's liturgy and people began to visit Oscott, attracted by the splendour of the ceremonies. Some one, in an article, had unhappily alluded to the "theatrical pomp" of the Roman Church. Wiseman would not brook this for an instant, and prepared an elaborate reply. "I should think," he says, "anyone betrayed great want of sense who traduced as theatrical that which existed before theatres. . . . The service of the Church is throughout eminently poetical." The Church in her ceremonies symbolizes all the mysteries of Life and Death, the strange pilgrimage of man through the world, and the wonderful atonement made for his soul, in a mystical language composed of music, and chanted words, and gesture, and the faint voice crying in the living things of

earth—its water, and flowers, and fire—because human speech alone, notwithstanding its depth and graciousness, is unable to express her full meaning. And Wiseman, who felt the beauty of the Church's ritual and loved it for its delicate suggestiveness, grew indignant when it was impugned. He was a poet, and here was dramatic poetry in its purest form, such poetry as by the weightiness of its message, and the stateliness of its movement, was powerful to raise one above the pettiness of everyday existence.

Shortly after Wiseman came to Oscott the famous Tract 90 was published. Mr. Gladstone pronounced it "ominous"; the Bishops of the Establishment condemned it, declaring that it was an insidious *plaidoirie* against the Anglican position; and the Tracts ceased to appear. After this things at Oxford moved steadily to a crisis. The Puseyites were subjected to a kind of persecution not the less real because it was silent. Fellowships were withheld from them on the plea that men with such extreme views would make but sorry instructors of youth; and preferment in the Established Church was refused to those Puseyites who were entitled to it, by reason of their seniority at least. The Bench of Bishops had formally rejected the *via media*, which had seemed to many the only plausible solution of countless

difficulties, and it soon became clear to the Puseyites that the Established Church did not want them, that she was anxious to rid herself of their services, because she considered them tainted with heterodoxy. On the other hand, the Catholics opened their arms to them, assuring them that one short step would lead them into the Apostolic Church, that the barrier that separated them from their true home was thin and low. And further, they realized that the Catholics alone, by their appeal to the principle of Authority, had effectually warded off the dangers of Liberalism, and that Protestantism, whatever else it might lay claim to, could not quote this principle, which many now regarded as the only one applicable to all times and conditions.

The proposal to establish a bishopric at Jerusalem in conjunction with Prussia, alienated many, otherwise fairly well-disposed, by opening their eyes to the instability of the Anglican position. Newman put the caustic question whether the Established Church could, without thereby ceasing to be a church, consort with Nestorians, Monophysites, and heretics of all descriptions.

Newman had even gone so far as to declare that it was the duty of every Protestant to join the Catholic Church provided she corrected certain abuses of which she was commonly accused. Wiseman

replied in the form of a "Letter to the Earl of Shrewsbury," in which he pointed out that if these abuses were proved not to exist, then there was no loophole for escape. Some of his remarks on this subject are worth quoting. "This repeated wish," he writes, "that Rome may be different from what she is, may be satisfied in various ways, and though expressed in one sense, may find an answer in another. For instance, blots may be removed from an object by being wiped away from the medium through which it was viewed, and which transferred its own defects to the object; and in like manner, Rome may soon appear and be very different to sincere eyes that look at her now through distorted representations, or descriptions highly coloured in some parts, or even through slighter misunderstandings. Again, a part of a picture may seem dark and unpleasant, not because its colours are so, but because sufficient light is not cast upon it; and so many things appear cheerless and painful to others, not because truly so, but because they want proper light to be cast upon them, by reasonable explanation. Or the defect may arise from the very position of the spectator. A pious and intelligent person observed to me the other day that our devotions to the saints might be compared to their representations on our beautiful old church windows: when

seen from without, they present but dark surfaces and ill-shaped outlines ; when from within the church, they seem to glow with the rich and varied light of heaven, in pure and majestic forms. Thus I am by no means terrified or dejected when I find this condition for unity strongly and repeatedly expressed ; because I know how much of it depends upon the manner of looking at things, more than on the things themselves. And your Lordship and myself have known sufficient instances of persons whose prejudices had been most violent against Rome, but were overcome in Rome, and by Rome itself."

Wiseman also sent to Newman some Roman tracts which dealt with the salient points of Catholic theology, and where devotion to the Blessed Virgin and Indulgences (the " corruptions " Newman so frequently instances) were completely ignored. We know from the *Apologia* that the reading of these tracts was an immense help to Newman. They convinced him that these " corruptions " did not, after all, take up so much space as he imagined in Catholic theology.

By 1845 the state of affairs was acute. In February Ward's *Ideal of a Christian Church* was condemned and the author stripped of his degree by an Act of Convocation. The heads of the Anglican body had gone as far as they could to express their

disapproval of the Tractarian doctrines. Straightway conversions began. Newman, who had retired from the charge of a parish into lay communion and formed a small community at Littlemore, found his friends growing uneasy on this great question. Still the months rolled by and he made no move. People were amazed, and asked what could possibly be delaying him. He was misunderstood; it was even said that he was afraid to take the final step. Wiseman even had written to Dr. Russell of Maynooth, "I think Mr. Newman is a timid man." But Newman was not timid, and he was afraid only of what Lord Morley calls "the perils of the logical short cut." He was the last man in the world to allow himself to be hurried. He was sufficiently well versed in human affairs to know that men do not live by reason alone; that each of us has obligations, prejudices, ties, which he may not lightly break down. Some conversions are the work of a moment, when a thought, burning and bright as a meteor, leaps into the brain with an almost physical force; but Newman's conversion was a gradual process, a building reared on deep foundations, the result of much searching of heart and careful weighing of the many influences which move men in the complex relations of life. Just now he was writing a book, and when half-way through it he realized that

the argument for Catholicism was too cogent and he would have to submit: still he wished to see the matter out. And hence his delay.

However, when July opened and no news came, Wiseman grew so impatient that he sent Mr. Bernard Smith, a recent convert, to Littlemore to find out what he could. The situation was far too delicate for a letter, and Smith was an intimate friend of Newman's. When Mr. Smith arrived Newman greeted him coldly, exchanged a few commonplaces with him, asked him to stay for dinner, and, after a little while, left the room. The others immediately crowded round Smith and asked him whether his new friends were as boorish and hard to pull with as report had it, and whether he felt at home among them. Smith told them of Wiseman and Errington and Spencer, of the open-handed generosity he had experienced on all occasions. Then he asked them about Newman. They had no information to give; he never spoke about himself; they knew nothing; they could hardly even guess what was going on in his mind, so inscrutable and reticent was he. All they could say was that he was writing a book, for day after day he stood at a high desk in the sunlight and worked at his task, and lately he spent fourteen hours a day in writing. He was growing thinner, paler, more mysterious,

but he never divulged the thought that was gnawing within. Then the bell went for dinner and Newman appeared in a pair of grey trousers. Everybody was surprised, because they knew the Rector was a precisian for clerical decorum, and resolutely wore the clerical dress on every occasion. This was Newman's answer to Smith. He knew with that quick insight, that refined sensibility which was a part of his genius, what Smith had come to Littlemore to ask. And in this way he said to him, "In a short time I will be with you." When Smith returned to Oscott, Wiseman asked what Newman had said to him. "He said nothing," answered Smith, "but he came down to dinner in a pair of grey trousers." Wiseman was disappointed. Why, that could mean nothing. But Smith assured him that it meant a great deal to those who knew Newman, and that in a short while the Rector of Littlemore would be a Catholic.

August passed and still Newman hung back. Stanton could endure it no longer, so he left Littlemore and wrote to Newman saying that he was to be received into the Church at Stonyhurst. Then Newman wrote back, "Why should we not be received together? Father Dominic, the Passionist, comes here on the 8th to receive me. Come back on that day." And on that day they were received together into the

Church. The MS. of *The Development of Doctrine* lay on the table before him, and Newman, the day after his baptism, added to it that memorable passage which Stanley says could not have been written by any pen that was not inspired.

Newman had seen the "blessed vision of peace." It had been growing on him silently, imperceptibly, for years, and how or when it broke upon him in full light, no one, not even himself, perhaps, could ever tell. It was like the twilight broadening into day, when no one can say when the dawn has ended and the full splendour of day begun. But so deep was the peace he found in the Catholic Church that those who knew him declare his face underwent a change and something came into his eyes which was never there before. His manner became more gracious, his ways more gentle and his smile pleasanter.

At the end of October he journeyed to Oscott and met Dr. Wiseman. Neither spoke much—a few conventional questions and answers as to the ride up from Oxford, and that was all. It was a moment too tense for commonplace congratulation, too sacred to be broken in upon by words. There was that between the two men so awful, so providential, that it could not be uttered till their friendship had ripened into intimacy. They were visibly embarrassed now, for the finger of God was evidently

here, and how can anyone speak of an evident Divine interposition, withal so gracious in its beginning and its end, without emotion and to any but his closest friends? The interview closed abruptly, as a servant announced to Wiseman that a boy was waiting for confession. And the alacrity with which he went out was indicative of his state of mind. But before many days had passed Newman and he spoke long and seriously together of numberless designs for the future which they had at heart.

Wiseman's policy of conciliation had been successful so far. There had been difficulties all along which needed careful handling. The Tractarians looked with suspicion on the Catholic alliance with the Liberals; they thought it a scandalous thing that the Catholic leaders in England should be hand in glove with the enemies of the Established Church, for, they said, the adoption of Liberal principles gave away the whole case for revealed religion by tacitly admitting one form of worship to be as good as another. And the old Catholics, embittered by a grim past experience, and expecting to get the worst of it in every encounter, mistrusted the Tractarians. The Tracts, they said, cut two ways: they did not make boldly for one position or the other, but held a middle course, and cleverly cut away the ground

from under the feet of their opponents. If they rendered the doctrines of Protestantism untenable, they made it equally hard for those, whose beliefs they had upset, to accept the Catholic creed. Mr. Rathbone wrote a pamphlet entitled, "Are the Puseyites sincere?" and in it he said, "The embrace of Mr. Newman is the kiss that will betray us." The *Orthodox Journal* was hostile and continued so for a long time.

It was absolutely necessary to bring about a good understanding between the two parties, and Wiseman, throughout these trying years, played the part of a go-between. We all doubtless know something of the difficulties of a mediator, even in trivial matters—of the patience, the forbearance, the disinterestedness, the tact required to settle the dispute satisfactorily. And now, when excellent men misunderstood each other, and each was pained at the other's suspicions just because each could vouch for his own sincerity, the task imposed upon Wiseman of drawing them closer together in friendliness was no light one. Few men could have done what Wiseman did at this time. He held out his hand to either party saying that God's Church was wide enough for all. And he succeeded, to a very great extent, in fusing together the old and new Catholics, a fusion in every way essential for the welfare of the Church in England.

The converts appreciated his efforts, and Newman regarded him as "the chief or rather the only promoter among English Catholics of the great Catholic objects on which they had set their heart." But many of the old Catholics doubted whether his conciliatory method was advisable. His sympathy with the converts was misrepresented, was said to be other than it really was. This easy-going policy of his would surely produce no good results. One kind friend assured Wiseman when he was heart-broken over Sibthorpe's return to the Anglican Church that he for one was sincerely delighted because it would open Wiseman's eyes and convince him of his folly. How austerely charity is dressed at times, and what hard things are said and done in her name!

To his sensitive nature such recriminations on the part of those who should naturally have been his most ardent supporters were almost intolerable. And then, too, he was in constant ill-health, brought on, doubtless, by years of anxiety. He complains, in his letters, of feeling peculiarly lonely. He was a successful man, his plans had succeeded, the world had gone well with him in spite of everything, and now he was experiencing that "total isolation" which is the Nemesis of success. Men were proud of him, looked up to him, considered him a valuable person to have on their side, and

then set him on a pedestal where it was cold and uncomfortable. He was gifted as few men are gifted, and he was paying the price. The leaders and the geniuses of this world have always been the loneliest of men. And Wiseman, with all his geniality and good humour, his camaraderie, his love of good-fellowship and friendly intercourse, was oppressed by this reverential isolation.

However the Pope encouraged him and sympathized with the Tractarians. This above all gave him strength to continue his policy. It seemed to him that, provided he had the blessing and sanction of the Vicar of Christ, his work would be fruitful. Then, while he was in Rome, seeking confirmation of his proceedings, an incident occurred which impressed him considerably. He writes as follows: "I had almost become shaken in regard to my methods by seeing myself so completely alone, and blamed accordingly. . . . I must own that the following trifling incident startled me much: There was among the chronic sick of the hospital of S. Spirito a man who had been paralysed for many years, and whom I had directed and attended up to the time that I left Rome. He was a poor, ignorant, uneducated man of the lowest class, and could not know or hear much, where he was, of what was going on in England. . . . He addressed me in the most unexpected way, as far as I remember (for the impres-

sion made on me by his words was very strong), telling me not to change my mode of acting, but to go on as I had done till then without minding what people said; this was uttered in a very marked, decided tone as if the man knew all about it . . . The impression made on my mind was that he clearly alluded to my dealings with converts, and that it thus pleased God to console and encourage me through the mouth of one of His poor to whom I had shown some little charity. I have great reason to thank God for having brought many round to the more merciful way of dealing with converts, first adopted here."

Wiseman's letters at this time show how anxious he was about the means of subsistence for the converts. They had given up everything for conscience' sake, and how were they to live? The letters reveal a feeling akin to that which the father of a family has towards those of his children with whom the world is going hardly. But he provided for the neophytes sufficiently well, and they proved of the utmost service to him in the difficulties which now began to press in upon him from all sides. They brought with them a new infusion of blood into the Catholic body, and consequently a new vigour and a greater hopefulness. It was just what the Church needed at this period, for the time had come when she was to assert her claims in England.

CHAPTER IV

THE NEW HIERARCHY

THE Catholics in England, swelled in numbers by the Irish immigrants and the converts from Protestantism, had, by this time, begun to occupy a position of some importance in the country. They were wearing the dignities of citizenship with ease and grace; their colleges were spoken of as among the best in the land; their writers and apologists were scholarly and refined, and one in particular, John Henry Newman, was unrivalled as a stylist. And Wiseman, always prone to think ambitiously, considered that a Hierarchy should be established to give the Church in England its proper standing. Undoubtedly, the idea of a duly-constituted Hierarchy, with its outward splendour, its synods, its etiquette and ceremonial, appealed strongly to his imagination, and his enemies said this it was which influenced him most. But such a statement, having just sufficient foundation in it to render it plausible, was, in reality, far from the truth. Above and beyond mere personal considerations (which go for little in a momentous step where the co-operation of many is needed) there were solid reasons behind Wiseman's proposal. As matters then stood some sort of parochial division was advisable; the priests who, up to the present, had been chaplains

to well-to-do families, should have a permanent status as pastors of the people; and the bishops should be guided, in the administration of their dioceses, by fixed rules and a definite policy. It was, further, of paramount importance that Provincial Synods should be called to discuss ecclesiastical affairs and legislate authoritatively. But all this, so essential for the good government of the Church in England, could not be effected without a Metropolitan and Suffragans.

It was expected that Her Majesty's Government would take no exception to the plan. It had placed no obstacle in the way when a Catholic Hierarchy was established in North America a few years previously, and it was taken for granted by the promoters of the present scheme, that the move they now contemplated would likewise be ignored. Some of the old Catholics, however, fearful of any innovation, and unwilling to take the smallest risk while their peace was assured, thought it more prudent to let sleeping dogs lie. They deprecated Wiseman's proposal and gave him to understand clearly enough that they were not with him in the matter. But he paid slight attention to their remonstrances, and in July, 1847, he laid the case before the Holy See. And while the sequel showed that their instinct, trained by the long years of persecution, did not fail them now, it

showed also how sadly they underestimated Wiseman's powers.

The business might have been settled satisfactorily there and then had not a conspiracy been detected at Rome which included in its programme the assassination of Pius IX. Instantly everything was thrown into disorder. The Austrians marched into the Papal States on the specious pretext of supporting the Pope; and Wiseman, instead of returning as Archbishop of Westminster, was sent to London on a diplomatic mission to find out how far England would aid the Pope in repelling the Austrian invasion. However, the crisis speedily passed. The Austrians signed a treaty; Pius IX. effected certain reforms; and there the matter ended for a time.

In 1848, when things were fairly quiet, the question of the Hierarchy was taken up again by Bishop Ullathorne, and once more the final settlement was postponed. A new constitution had been proclaimed at Vienna, and the Milanese, dissatisfied with it, rebelled. Radetzky, the Austrian general, forthwith marched on Italy, and the revolution spread. Count de Rossi, the Papal Minister, was murdered, and Mgr. Palma, the staunch supporter of Wiseman's plea at the Vatican, was shot at one of the windows of the Quirinal. The Pope himself was in danger, but he managed to escape to Gaeta through a clever ruse planned by

Count de Spaur and Count Harcourt, the French Ambassador.

But before the Pope's flight and the assassination of Palma, Ullathorne had obtained the Papal approval of his scheme. The Hierarchy, then, was bound to come: only a fitting opportunity was needed to draw up the brief.

Meanwhile Wiseman worked in London, and endeavoured to realize the dreams he had dreamt in the past. In 1849 he had been made Vicar-Apostolic of the London District. And now, as ever, the poor of that enormous city were his chief care. His heart went out to them in their miseries, which he felt to be so terrible. He did all he could for them. He tried to ameliorate their condition and brighten with a ray of hope their weary days. He sent preachers to preach to them, not any he could spare from more intellectual pursuits, but the very best he could find, with the sole object of lifting them to a sense of their inherent dignity, and a realization of the worth of their lives. He even asked Newman and Faber to give missions to them. He introduced Religious Congregations—ten in all—to go about among them and teach them how to live. The poor have seldom had a truer friend than Cardinal Wiseman or one who loved them more dearly.

On March 8th, 1850, the celebrated judgment in the Gorham case was given, by

which the Privy Council reversed the sentence of the Court of Arches and declared that a clergyman, though he denied the doctrine of baptismal regeneration, might hold a benefice in the Anglican Church. This decision gave point to the Catholic contention that the Houses of Parliament, and not the Bishops, were the rulers of the English Church, and that Protestantism was nothing more or less than a legalized schism. If the Bishops' judgment could be overruled, and their sentence laid aside in cases where the delinquent openly denied a tenet of the Anglican Church, then what authority had they in their dioceses, or what precisely were they to teach? This was a palmary instance of the helplessness of the Established Church, and the argument struck forcibly home. A second exodus, as important and far-reaching as that brought about by the secession of Newman and his friends in 1845, began. Hope Scott, Manning, Wilberforce, and Badeley, all men of influence and high standing in the Anglican world, submitted to the Catholic Church. Wiseman saw at once that this was an opportunity which should not be missed, and he struck while the iron was hot. St. George's Cathedral had been opened two years previously, and there he preached a series of lectures, in which he again emphasized the historical significance of the Catholic Church. He reminded his

hearers that in ancient times there was a tribunal appealed to in difficulties similar to the one the Privy Council had lately to face, where the discontented might now carry their suit and obtain a favourable decision. He prophesied this the more confidently from his knowledge of the past history of the Church. She had never consented to secular interference or lain down passively under a civil power. She had lost fair provinces for adherence to principles—for principles similar to the one the Anglican bishops had given up. And now she would certainly support those who turned to her for judgment in a matter of vital importance to every Christian creed.

Six weeks after the lectures had been concluded Wiseman received a letter from Antonelli telling him that the Pope intended to make him a Cardinal. His feelings, on the receipt of this news, were exceedingly mixed. He wavered this way and that, between joy and sadness, like a puzzled child that does not know whether to laugh or cry. While he keenly appreciated the dignity conferred upon him, as it brought with it the Pope's sanction for all his actions in the past, still he was troubled at having to leave England and the ambitious schemes he had carried so near to accomplishment. It seemed to him a far more glorious thing to stand at the head of a Hierarchy, to steer the old

Church in new waters, than to sit in the College of Cardinals with one vote, and no more, on important questions. He would rather be the viceroy of a distant province than a privy councillor of the sovereign living in the capital and under the shadow of the court. However, he obeyed the Pope's summons unhesitatingly, and left England for Rome on August 16th.

En route he visited many friends and places dear to him from his youth. He stayed a couple of days at Fano with his sister, Countess Gabrielli; and on September 5th he reached Rome. At the Consistory, on the 30th, he was named Cardinal, with the title of St. Pudentiana. The expense which the maintenance of this high position would entail was his chief anxiety, for Rome is always jealous of the dignity of her princes. The Pope offered £400 a year for some years, but Wiseman doubted whether this would be sufficient and wondered where the rest of the money was to come from. Pius IX. readily agreed to Wiseman's return to England as Cardinal-Archbishop of Westminster, for the circumstances demanded it, and the Cardinalitial dignity was in no way compromised.

The brief establishing the Hierarchy was issued on September 29th, and Wiseman promulgated it to the English people on October 7th in his pastoral "From Out of

the Flaminian Gate." He does not seem to have adverted to the possibility of other than Catholic eyes reading his letter, and in the height of his jubilation he wrote flamboyantly, almost boastfully. "Your beloved country," he said, "has received a place among the fair churches, which, normally constituted, form the splendid aggregate of Catholic Communion; Catholic England has been restored to its orbit in the ecclesiastical firmament, from which its light had long vanished, and begins now anew its course of regularly adjusted action round the centre of unity, the source of jurisdiction, of light and of vigour. . . . By a brief, dated the same day, his Holiness was further pleased to appoint us, though most unworthy, to the Archiepiscopal See of Westminster, established by the above-mentioned Letters Apostolic, giving us at the same time the administration of the episcopal See of Southwark. So that at present, and till such time as the Holy See thinks fit otherwise to provide, we govern, and shall continue to govern, the Counties of Middlesex, Hertford, and Essex, as Ordinary thereof, and those of Surrey, Sussex, Kent, Berkshire, and Hampshire, with the islands annexed, as Administrator with Ordinary jurisdiction." Wiseman sent the Pastoral on before him as he intended to travel by easy stages across the Continent.

When the pastoral reached Dr. Whitty, the Vicar-General, he was sorely perplexed. Not carried away, like the Cardinal, by the joy of the moment, he feared that many in the country would take the letter ill, not only for the news it contained, but also for the terms in which it was couched. There was nobody he could turn to for advice in his difficulty, so, after a brief prayer and with considerable misgiving, he published the Pastoral.

Immediately the storm burst. Every newspaper in the country took up the hue and cry, and the *Times*, which at that period held the ear of the nation, was, if anything, the most virulent. It was useless to explain that the dating of the letter "From Out of the Flaminian Gate" was only a point of etiquette observed at all courts, which required that no official or political documents should be promulgated by a subject from the palace of the sovereign. No; it was a piece of insolent aggression that a petty foreign power, owning some few acres of land and unable even to hold that with any security, should, without leave or licence, without the consent of the Queen or her Ministers, proceed to partition the island into dioceses, and assert jurisdiction over the people there, as if it were stepping into a lawful inheritance. It was "the strangest piece of mummery" the *Times* remembered ever to have

witnessed. It was always the way with the Catholic Church. Pius IX. had imposed upon the world by masquerading as an enlightened ruler with a due regard for national autocracy. He had allowed people to think that through his love for liberty he was sinning against the traditions of the Papacy. But he was, in reality, the same as every other Pontiff, extremely suave and elusive up to a certain point, and only showing his hand at the last moment. And so the dispute doubled back to the old charge of treachery against the Pope, which Englishmen have always been so ready to admit.

On November 4th, the eve of Guy Fawkes' day, Lord John Russell, the Premier, wrote a public letter to the Bishop of Durham, who had asked him for a statement on the case, saying that "no foreign prince or potentate will be permitted to fasten his fetters upon a nation which has so long and so nobly vindicated its right to freedom of opinion, civil, political, and religious." He ought to have known better and refrained from joining in the popular tumult. A man in his position, with a more favourable opportunity of judging rightly in the matter than others had, ought to have endeavoured by wise words to abate the excitement and not to have fanned it into flame. He went the path of least resistance; and it was not till afterwards, when the nation had been

reasoned into shamefacedness, that they saw how he had abused his high trust.

Meanwhile Cardinal Wiseman journeyed across Europe, leisurely enough, in blissful ignorance of the fury his words had evoked. At Siena he dined with the Archduke of Tuscany, and was given the place of honour at the table—a fact of some importance, he thought, for a Cardinal had never before dined at the Tuscan Court by reason of a dispute of precedence between the Archduke and a Prince of the Church. At Mr. Sloane's he met Prince Lichtenstein, Count Baldasseroni, and other notables. On October 27th he visited the Patriarch of Venice, and dined with the Emperor of Austria at Vienna on November 1st. He was enjoying himself thoroughly, for he loved the *kottabos* of conversation, the delightful *frou-frou* of the social world. Then the clouds gathered suddenly. It reminds one in a small way of a Greek tragedy, where Nemesis creeps up silently and strikes swiftly at the hero in the heyday of his success because the gods are angered at some boastful words he has uttered, perhaps unwittingly. Cardinal Wiseman had no idea of the contretemps in England. Leaning back in his carriage and reading the *Times* while on a drive through the streets of Vienna his eye caught his own name in a leading article. He read on, and the gravity of the situation was forced rudely upon him.

He immediately wrote to Lord John Russell explaining the Pastoral, and expressing regret at the misunderstanding which had arisen. But it was too late. Lord John's letter had gone to press; thousands had read it; and on Guy Fawkes' day the Pope had been burnt in effigy at Peckham and Salisbury and Ware.

The Cardinal had given instructions for his letters to be forwarded to Bruges and await his arrival there. So to Bruges he went, and found a letter from Dr. Whitty telling him that things looked serious in England; that, mistrusting his own unaided judgment, he had called a meeting of influential Catholics to consider what ought to be done next; that there was no unanimity of opinion among them—some thinking that his Eminence should return to Rome and lay the matter before the Pope, some that he should remain on the Continent till the storm had blown over, and not more than two or three advising that he should cross over to England. Consequently, he could do no more than lay the whole case fully before his Eminence, and let him decide for himself. And on November 11th Cardinal Wiseman arrived in London.

He sent for Dr. Whitty immediately. "So rapid was his resolve," writes the Vicar-General, "that this was the first intimation I had received of the decision he

had come to on the receipt of my letter in Bruges. On my speaking of the Protestant excitement, one of the first things he showed me was a foolscap sheet of paper lying on the desk before him. I stooped down to look at it, and saw the words, 'An Appeal to the English People,' together with two or three lines. 'Yes, I know the excitement,' he said, 'is great. But I am writing something here which, I think, will calm it.' 'Well,' said I to myself, 'you are indeed a sanguine man to expect that yours or *any* writing can calm this storm.'"

The Cardinal began the pamphlet on a Monday, and by the Friday following, in spite of frequent interviews and interruptions of all kinds, the MS. was in the printer's hands. Clear, logical, dignified, earnest with the earnestness of conviction, this *tour de force* is his masterpiece. It made people stop and think of what they were doing, of where they were going so recklessly. The newspapers printed it in full, and 30,000 copies of the pamphlet were sold out in a few days. The *Times* commented on it admiringly but sarcastically. The writer of the article—a man with considerable command of language—while admitting the cogency of the Cardinal's argument, congratulated him cynically on having recovered the idiom of the English tongue as well as his common sense; and he hinted that perhaps the co-

incidence was significant. "We hear no more in the 'Appeal'" he said, "of the planetary systems either of Cullen or Copernicus; suns, planets, and comets dance no more in the mazes of metaphorical confusion. England is suffered to remain where she is, and is no longer forced, to the great discomfiture of the Continent, to revolve round the Eternal City. The golden chain of St. Peter rings no longer in our ears, and the adjacent islands to the Doctor's diocese, Thanet, Dogs, and all, do not once appear above the horizon." If Dr. Wiseman, he continued, had only explained himself clearly at the beginning this pother would never have arisen. Therefore, the whole responsibility for the late unseemly conduct lay with him and not with the nation. But the hypothetical clause is the invariable refuge of a man who knows he has been cornered. It is, moreover, ungentlemanly to lose your temper with an adversary who has satisfactorily explained his action, and sarcasm is only too frequently the scum of good breeding which rises to the top when a man's mind is about to boil over.

The Cardinal's argument was extremely simple. What was the charge against Catholics? They denied the Royal Supremacy. But were there not many dissenting bodies who denied the Royal Supremacy, and nevertheless enjoyed freedom

in their ecclesiastical affairs? What was the use of Emancipation if Catholics were not allowed to settle among themselves the mode of church government? And the present arrangement was a purely ecclesiastical one. Though titles were taken from cities and counties in England, not one penny of national money would be claimed, or a modicum of civil power abrogated, by the Bishops of the new Hierarchy. Then, in an eloquent passage, Cardinal Wiseman answered the Chapter of Westminster, which objected to the Hierarchy on the grounds that the title of the Metropolitan implied jurisdiction over the Abbey. The city of Westminster, he pointed out, consisted of two parts in marked contrast to each other—the one fashionable and wealthy, where the parks and palaces were situated; the other poor, squalid, a network of lanes and alleys. The clergy of the Abbey would be allowed to remain unmolested in the care of the former—a charge, indeed, which nobody had ever accused them of neglecting. And when he himself went to the o d Abbey, so far from claiming any jurisdiction, he would pay his entrance fee like any other sightseer, and stroll like any other citizen round this museum of national greatness. But he claimed the poor of the city as his own; the miserable and the starving would be his charge; the apostolate against vice in the purlieus of the city his

one work. And why should the wealthy Chapter of Westminster be offended at this? Their work would not be tampered with, their revenues would not be reduced, a march would not be stolen on them; nothing, in short, was claimed but the right to preach the Gospel to those whom they had neglected. And one is tempted to think, though Wiseman makes no mention of the fable, that this is a practical application of "The Dog in the Manger."

When the popular excitement abated Cardinal Wiseman determined to give a series of lectures in St. George's Cathedral, Southwark. The nation had recovered some of its dignity, and was therefore more amenable to reason: for a measure of dignity is necessary for everyone who would listen to an argument fairly, though it by no means follows from this that the most dignified old men are the easiest to convince. Wiseman showed that the English people, for all their sobriety, had been fooled by catchwords which meant nothing, but were supposed to mean a great deal; that hierarchies had existed for many years in the British dominions, that some had been established quite lately without any hubbub occurring, and the wheels of government had continued to run smoothly. And then, raising the conflict to a loftier plane, and taking a higher tone, he said that the quarrel lay, in reality, not between

the Catholic Church and the English nation, but between the Church and that world which the Divine Master had long ago declared would always be in opposition to His disciples. And further, with that strange instinct which is the mark of all true Christians, which we detect in all those who have studied our Lord's life and woven its ideals into their own lives, in St. Ignatius, for example, who prayed, as for a special blessing, that his Society should never be without persecution, the Cardinal rejoiced that his path as a Bishop to his diocese had not been strewn with flowers, as the ritual prescribes, but, on the contrary, it had been "hedged with thorns and sown with briars"; and therefore he concluded that the Divine complacency rested on his work.

Thus Wiseman, by his intrepidity, his untiring energy and controversial powers, coped successfully with the popular fury. It was, perhaps, the most dramatic moment of his life, when, fresh from the festivities of his continental tour, he arrived in England to find every man's hand against him. He stood up before the nation howling around him like a pack of wolves, and in a few weeks he had tamed it. "He is made for the world," wrote Newman in a letter to Sir George Bowyer, "and he rises with the occasion. Highly as I put his gifts I was not prepared for such a display of

vigour, power, and judgment as the last two months have brought. I heard a dear friend of his say before he had got to England that the news of the opposition would kill him. How has he been out. It is the event of the time. In my own remembrance there has been nothing like it." Kindly and easy-going by nature, Cardinal Wiseman was always averse to controversy, but he could deal heavy blows when once he had been forced to take up the cudgels. And the fear of provoking a rejoinder from himself or Newman made people chary of how they spoke against the Catholic Church or her ministers.

Newman, likewise, took up the defence of the Catholic cause in this emergency, and delivered his "Lectures on the Present Position of Catholics in England" in the Corn Market, at Birmingham. Wiseman had just published an anonymous article in the *Dublin Review* attacking one Dr. Achilli, an apostate priest, who was making foul accusations against the Church. Newman determined to deal severely with Achilli, but he wrote first to the Cardinal, asking if he could quote chapter and verse for his statements in the *Dublin*. Wiseman answered that he could, and Newman proceeded with the utmost *sang-froid* in his fifth lecture to unfold, one by one, the personal immoralities of Dr. Achilli. Newman was sued for libel, so he wrote to the

Cardinal asking for the documents necessary to establish his case. He got no reply and wrote again; and still no answer came from Wiseman. Newman then wrote to Father Gordon of the Oratory explaining the hopeless position in which he was placed and laying the whole blame on the Cardinal's dilatoriness—for this was the only reason he could find for his conduct. Father Gordon, therefore, called on Wiseman and found him greatly distressed. He said he had lost the documents, that he had searched high and low for them without success, and that he could not brace himself to write to Newman and tell him so. Then the portly Cardinal went down on his knees and searched again among his papers: but the missing documents were not forthcoming. They were discovered eventually, but the case had already been drawn up, and Newman was found guilty. After this, with that gentlemanly instinct which was so strong in him, Wiseman did all he could to befriend Newman, by way of reparation. He started a subscription to defray the costs of the trials, and when Dr. Brownson attacked *The Development of Doctrine* he wrote to the author declaring that the book was sound. Newman answered, thanking Wiseman for his "sympathy in the home matter which pressed on him," and for his letter, which he prized so much that he "needed

nothing else from anyone to set against Dr. Brownson." Thus the kindly intercourse between these two remarkable men was restored, chiefly through the Cardinal's well-bred tact and humility. Wiseman by reason of his sincerity and his delicate sensibility had a very genius for peace-making; and it is one of the strange ironies of human life that his last years were embittered by estrangements.

The Premier, because of his hard sayings, was obliged to legislate in the matter of the Hierarchy, and in spite of Gladstone's eloquent protest, the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, a penal measure, was passed by a large majority: but it was a dead-letter from the day it was entered in the statute book, and twenty years later Gladstone repealed it. Still the ill-will towards the Catholics remained. Wiseman's carriage was stoned on more than one occasion, and he was made to feel that he had committed what was considered a grievous sin in the eyes of the English people. Consequently he went little into society, and it was a difficult thing to secure him as a guest. But he did not fly the public gaze in order to cultivate a peaceful seclusion. He gave lectures frequently, because he thought this was the best way of spreading a right understanding of the Catholic Church. A lecture has all the advantages over the essay that the spoken has over the written

word; and at this particular juncture, when a Catholic priest or prelate was to many a mere abstraction, a synonym for the manifold vices of priestcraft, the actual presence among them of a man like the Cardinal was the easiest and quickest way of removing prejudices. For Wiseman was a big man, standing six foot two in height, with a broad, open face, and plenty of genial common sense, and it seemed altogether unlikely that he should be sly, or crafty, or dishonest. Frequently, he started the lecture with half the audience hostile (for Protestants came to hear him in large numbers) and before the end he had won them completely over. At Jersey, for instance, his carriage was stoned on his way to the lecture-hall, but before he left the island he was a universal favourite, and had dined with the Lieutenant-Governor. His manner was sympathetic and persuasive. He spoke fluently and earnestly, with an evident desire to convince his audience. His lectures, at first, were mainly polemical, and in these he exposed his opponent's position fairly and criticized it courteously. Later he took in a much wider range, and we wonder how a man so engrossed in current events could have found time for such a varied course of study. His subjects included: "Home Education for the Poor," "The Crimean War," "The Perception of Natural Beauty

in Ancients and Moderns," and "The Best Mode of Collecting and Arranging a National Gallery of Paintings."

The lectures were producing the desired effect, and one review—*John Bull*—anxious to counteract their influence, and unable at the same time to discover a flaw in the argument, fell back upon the old assertion that the "Roman Catholic Church, like the clan of the Campbells, was ever fair and false." Though the Cardinal's sentences were musical and flowing, or rather *because* of his grace of style, there was, in all probability, a subtle lie, a fraudulent mistake, concealed in the bewildering word-mazes he wove. An eminent politician is reported to have said that the average Englishman is suspicious of eloquence or cleverness: of eloquence, because it might lead him further than he would fain go; and of cleverness, because his dullness is Bœotian. It is the easiest way possible of disposing of an adversary to say that he owes his success to "a trick of the grey light," when truth is easily distorted and real things dance like shadows, and that in the shifting and uncertain twilight in which he works, objects, intelligible enough in the daytime, lose their proportions and grow into monstrous, indefinite shapes.

Cardinal Wiseman did more than anyone else, during this time, to soften the bitterness of Protestants towards himself and his

cause. He accomplished a work which nobody in England, except perhaps Newman, could have done. He was a host in himself. The situation was a grave one, requiring strong and careful handling, and calling forth Wiseman's best powers of controversy and conciliation. But he rose to the occasion. There were no annoying details here, but only the big, broad problem to grapple with, and Wiseman revelled in large problems. And when the strife died out, he was left victorious. Gradually the English people began to appreciate his real worth and to be proud of him as one of their own. But the clouds gathered again; he had to face another struggle much more harassing: for the enemies this time were those of his own household. His policy was criticized, his decisions questioned by men to whom he would naturally have turned for support. The next few years of his life were darkened with troubles such as a sensitive nature like his felt most keenly. There were estrangements from the friends of a lifetime, continual bickering over rights and privileges, and a lengthy law suit at Rome. And it is one of those unintelligible paradoxes that the man who had raised the English Church from the ignominy in which she had lain for three centuries, should be accused of something very like incompetence.

CHAPTER V

THE CARE OF THE CHURCHES

THOUGH the Catholic Church in England had, after the establishment of the Hierarchy, a bench of Bishops with full episcopal jurisdiction, she was still treated in many ways as a missionary country, as in the days of the Vicars-Apostolic. The heads of parishes, though they were given more privileges than they formerly had, were still missionary rectors without the rights of parish priests. And though Provincial Synods were duly called, it was soon evident that the Bishops were supreme and that the lower clergy had little voice in the proceedings. Consequently, those of them who looked on the establishment of the Hierarchy as an anti-Roman measure, were aggrieved to find themselves subject still to Propaganda. They laid the whole blame on Wiseman, complaining against his centralizing policy and extreme Ultramontanism as detrimental to the national aspirations of the Catholic Church in England. The Cardinal's position was, in reality, a difficult one. He had many classes to deal with, each differing widely from the others in tastes and opinions. There were, for instance, the old Catholics, believers in the solid piety of Milner and Challoner, and suspicious, from the very

beginning, of the converts and their "new-fangled" devotions; there were the converts of the type of Newman and Faber, who, though by no means sympathizing completely with the staidness of the old Catholics, nevertheless endeavoured to work in harmony with them; and then there was a section among the converts who despised the old Catholics as a backward and ignorant set, and who, far from seeking to come to some compromise with them, expressed their disdain in no equivocal terms. Wherefore Wiseman thought, naturally enough, that only by his personal influence could such a heterogeneous mass be held together until, by the lapse of time, or by a keen realization of the large issues at stake, it would be fused into a whole embodying the best qualities of all parties.

Thus the new Hierarchy, a thing withal so necessary and inspiriting, brought difficulties in its wake; and at the First Provincial Synod, held in 1852, some of these difficulties came to the surface, but so much had to be attended to in conjunction with the novel state of affairs, that they were not fully discussed. Some of the more urgent grievances, however, were partly remedied. Decrees were drawn up in the Cardinal's own hand conferring certain privileges on Missionary Rectors, and laying down rules for the appointment of Bishops. Still, the nationalist priests

were discontented because they thought the concessions not wide enough, and the Bishops were dissatisfied at certain trespasses which the Cardinal made on their rights—that of Apostolic Visitor to Ushaw, a college not situated in his own diocese, being the most galling.

Further, Wiseman introduced Religious Congregations to assist the secular priests, whose numbers were altogether too meagre, in working for the poor. The converts, to whom the æsthetic aspects of monasticism appealed strongly—its seclusion, its old-worldliness, its picturesque (if I may use the word) abandonment of even innocent pleasures—considered this a step in the right direction. It was the best method, they thought, of educating Englishmen to a love for Catholicism. In this, as in most other things, they sympathized with the Cardinal, and he, in his turn, finding them men after his own heart, encouraged them in their efforts at reform. The old priests, on the contrary, did not like the introduction of the Orders into the diocese, and here again they found themselves in opposition to the converts. They looked unfavourably on the Cardinal's novelties; they failed to understand why he conferred favours on the converts and submitted to their influence. He did everything for them; he had sent W. G. Ward, a layman, to teach theology at St. Edmund's; he had

been mainly responsible for the appointment of Newman to the Rectorship of the Catholic University in Dublin; and now it was known that he was pressing Manning to found a new Congregation of priests, who would live conventually, but be subject to the Bishop's jurisdiction.

This was the last straw; the Cardinal's favouritism had grown too open and exclusive. Complaints against him under these headings were forwarded to Propaganda, and in 1853 Wiseman himself went to Rome to explain how matters stood. There he was cordially received and made much of. He had many friends in the city, and he entered into the social life there with great zest. He dined with the Pope and the Archduke of Tuscany, attended numerous ceremonies, preached in English, on one occasion to Thackeray and Lockhart, who were in the congregation. However, he did not neglect his business, but soon brought about a satisfactory settlement. The Pope blessed him, spoke warmly of the valuable work he was doing under the most trying conditions, urged him not to withdraw his sympathy from the illustrious converts he had received into the Church, and sanctioned his proceedings in the past.

The Cardinal had, in an unguarded moment, offered to write the first book in a series which he proposed to bring out;

and *Fabiola*, the "child of his affections," as he called it, was begun during this visit to Rome. His friends frequently discovered him in the catacombs, walking about silent and dreamful, without pencil or paper, and when they asked him what he was doing he would reply that he was writing a book on the early Christians, the *gens lucifuga*, and was steeping himself in the atmosphere of their times. It was a labour of love done in the intervals of business, at odd moments, in queer out-of-the-way places, in coaches, in inns, in all sorts of humours. *Fabiola* was a recreation to him, a consolation in his anxieties, and he was always fond of it. It is not a scholarly book, though one can detect a vast deal of learning between the lines: it is an impressionist sketch lit up by the vivid imagination of a man for whom the old times breathed with a living interest. Though an esoteric book from the pen of Wiseman would have been a distinct contribution to the archæology of his day, still this artistic work in *genre* calculated to appeal to a larger number of readers was, if anything, more useful, and better suited to his genius.

Its remarkable success was an unalloyed pleasure to him. Catholics wrote to him from the farthest corners of the earth congratulating him on his achievement. They felt that their religion had been clothed in beauty which, by reason of its simple

grandeur, suited her well. Before long *Fabiola* was translated into half a dozen languages. One Benedictine abbot sent the Cardinal a splendid ring as a mark of his appreciation. The King of Prussia, unable to sleep one night, called for the story to while away the weary hours, like Assuerus in the Scripture tale. "You have written a good book," the Archbishop of Milan said to Wiseman, "which has had the success of a bad one."

The Boyle case—in which a certain Father Boyle sued him for libel—though it effectually removed all opposition to the Hierarchy on the part of discontented Catholics, told severely on Wiseman's health. Then the Religious Congregations which he had introduced into his diocese, and from whom he expected great assistance, disappointed him. They put forward a hundred and one excuses for refusing to do the work he proposed, and his letter to Faber, so kindly and pathetic that more than one has wept over it, shows how deeply he felt the thwarting of his plans. Besides, he did not spare himself; he was ever ready with encouragement for everybody who proposed an enterprise, however daring. He was never afraid of making a venture, and never shirked the trouble which a venturesome policy entails. "If anyone came to him with a new project," writes Bishop Burt, "he would invariably bid them

go forward, not counting the cost, with God's blessing." Consequently, in 1856, his health, never too robust, gave way suddenly, and his doctors ordered him to Vichy to drink the waters.

Shortly after his return from the Continent his attention was called to the *Rambler*—a magazine edited by Mr. Richard Simpson and Sir John Acton—which had lately been airing views offensive to a large section of the Catholics. Faber was bringing out a series called *Lives of the Modern Saints*, drawn mainly from Italian sources and abounding in miraculous occurrences and fantastical devotions. To men trained in the school of Challoner these *Lives* seemed hardly suitable to the English frame of mind. They were, as a result, vigorously attacked, and Bishop Ullathorne even went so far as to say that Newman was forming a party within a party and working for a split in the Catholic body. The Cardinal, seeing that the hostility was deep-seated, prevailed on Newman and Faber to stop the series. But the *Rambler*, which had been all along a thorn in the side of the Bishops because of its patronage of liberal ideas, took up the affair and went to unwarrantable lengths. In November, 1856, an article appeared in its pages commenting sarcastically on the shortcomings of the old Catholics, and putting down their lack of appreciation of the Lives to narrow-

mindedness and Philistinism. The Cardinal thought matters had gone far enough, and in the *Dublin Review* for December of the same year he took up the defence of the old Catholics. He admitted that the converts had culture and education on their side; that they should be justly proud of their intellectual refinement for it was a valuable means towards the accomplishment of good work in the Church of God. But he reminded them that these were not "the one thing which is necessary." They possessed these natural gifts just because their forefathers had given up what the Catholics had stood for at all hazards. The old Catholics were sons of men who had sacrificed University training and all the graces of life for the sake of the Faith. With open eyes they had chosen their Chalcedon, and it ill became those who returned to them for a share in the larger inheritance to taunt them with the lack of the smaller, which they had been compelled conscientiously to forego. In the article there is no trace of acerbity, though the Cardinal had been ridiculed on more than one occasion in the pages of the *Rambler*, and brought to book for his idiosyncrasies. It is a paternal remonstrance with those of his children who were misconducting themselves, made with genuine kindness and with as light a hand as was possible; and nowhere do we notice an anxiety so to

screen himself from the charges levelled against him as to score a point in argument and thereby humiliate his adversaries. Subsequently, Newman took up the editorship of the *Rambler*, and the Cardinal, though he realized that this would necessitate the suppression of the *Dublin Review*, which he had founded and in which he was deeply interested, acquiesced readily on his old principle of welcoming good from whatsoever quarter it might come. And a Catholic review under the guidance of Newman was the very thing he had for many years ardently desired. But the difficulties appeared so insuperable that Newman resigned after two months, and the *Dublin* remained in the field.

We come now to the great sorrow of Wiseman's life—the quarrel with Dr. Errington and the Westminster Chapter. The Cardinal's business had grown to such proportions that he was unable to cope with it alone. Further, he had never been an adept at routine work ; he was unpunctual and disorderly ; his interests were so various that he had little time to attend to the minutiæ of administration. Besides, he cherished wide schemes, and he wanted leisure and opportunity to realize them. His health, too, was so uncertain that he could hardly count on a week in which he would be free from sickness. For all these reasons he appealed to Rome for a

coadjutor early in 1855. The matter was brought before the Chapter, and George Errington's name was one of the three forwarded to the Pope. And in April Errington was appointed Archbishop of Trebizond and Coadjutor to Cardinal Wiseman.

At the time of his appointment Dr. Errington was Bishop of Plymouth, and he left his See with evident reluctance. Besides, he knew Wiseman well. They had been on terms of intimacy since their schooldays at Ushaw, they had corresponded with each other for many years, and Errington had held the post of Vice-Rector under Wiseman at the English College. He feared that when grave questions came to be decided their opinions would clash. Errington was an authority on Canon Law, and, endowed by nature with an inflexible will, his legal knowledge rendered him a particularly formidable and obstinate opponent. He was a martinet, holding out on all occasions for the strict letter of the law. In his insistence on the rigid observance of regulations, as in many other ways, he was the direct contrary to Wiseman. He never realized that half the duty of a religious superior is to enforce the rules and the other half to dispense with them when circumstances demand it. Once when it was objected to him that blind obedience to certain rules drawn up for the visits of priests to the

dying would mean that many would die without the Sacraments, he retorted: "If they lose the Sacraments according to Canon Law, Canon Law is to be blamed and not I." Mother Mary Hallahan said to him, "You were hewn out of a rock, Dr. Errington, and I am sure you never had a mother."

The first serious difference of opinion between the Cardinal and his Coadjutor occurred concerning W. G. Ward. When a Bishop some time previously objected to Ward's appointment as Theological Professor at St. Edmund's, on the score that he was a married man, Wiseman replied: "It is a novel objection to the fitness of a man to do God's work that he has received a Sacrament of Holy Church which neither you nor I have received." Now, however, Errington objected to Ward's doctrine. He dubbed it, quite capriciously, a "new system"; and during an official visit to Oscott in 1855 he placed so many restrictions upon him that Ward was forced to resign. The Cardinal reinstated him, and, in addition, removed the Vice-President, who sympathized with Errington's point of view. The Coadjutor was keen-sighted enough to see the signifiance of this incident. In the course of a letter to Mgr. Talbot he says: "Altogether I do not think that we can now get into satisfactory working relations, and hence I see more chance of

interfering with the great good in so many respects he could and would do by himself than of my doing good ; on the other hand, the report of our being at variance having become common from Ward's affairs, will certainly lead to great scandal, and there will be always plenty of persons ready to increase and make use of the division. Hence I have serious thoughts of begging the Holy See to remove me from my present position to any occupation, place, or country the Holy Father may think fit. . . ."

Errington, seeing that the Cardinal and himself could not run in couple unless some sort of an understanding was arrived at, accepted the position of temporary Administrator of the Diocese of Clifton, and left London. The Cardinal, shrinking, as usual, from bickering and petty quarrels, was the first to make overtures of peace. He intimated to Errington that Ward, the *origo mali*, had resigned the chair of Theology, and the Coadjutor promptly returned to take up his duties. But Wiseman, for what reasons we cannot tell, persuaded Ward to go back to Oscott without informing Errington of this step. So afraid was he of the Archbishop's truculent opposition that it was not till the train which was to take him to St. Edmund's was on the point of starting that the Cardinal said : " Adieu, and by the by, I have

arranged with Mr. Ward that he is to continue in the Chair of Dogma."

Some time previously the Coadjutor, while on a visitation of the diocese, settled a question in such a way that the priest concerned thought himself unfairly used. He appealed to the Cardinal, and Wiseman, though he had pledged himself not to interfere with the Coadjutor's decisions, reversed his judgment in this matter a little off-handedly, because he considered it too severe. This was a further proof to Errington that he and the Cardinal were cast in such different moulds that a compromise seemed very unlikely. And now a question arose which each considered of such momentous importance that no concessions could be made on either side; and the breach became permanent.

Errington, naturally prone to suspicion, took a strong dislike to Manning from the beginning. Like all men of his type, once he formed an opinion it was exceedingly difficult to eradicate it. "False ideas," says Newman, "may be refuted, indeed, by argument, but by true ideas only are they expelled." But Errington would not allow the true ideas to enter. He even went out of his way to prove that his suspicions were not groundless. The Cardinal, on the contrary, thought much of Manning. In 1856 he sent him to Rome, and gave him letters authorizing him to negotiate with

Propaganda concerning the establishment of a new Congregation, the Oblates of St. Charles, who were to help in the work for the English poor. Errington disapproved of the scheme, and deplored Wiseman's simplicity. He was certain that the influence of Manning and the converts generally with the Cardinal was a pernicious one. They were anxious to get the whole power into their hands, and this was a move in that direction. The sole result of founding a Congregation like the one proposed would be to draw away the secular priests from the direct jurisdiction of the Bishop. And when Manning was appointed Provost of Westminster by the Pope, the Coadjutor's hostility became active. It was bad enough to have a convert professing theology in a Catholic seminary, but the idea of placing one of them—and such a one as Manning—at the head of the Cathedral Chapter was simply preposterous.

So when Manning returned from Rome with the rules duly authorized by the Pope, Dr. Errington procured a copy and proceeded to examine them critically. He found some differences between them and the rules drawn up by St. Charles Borromeo for the first Oblates, and one discrepancy in particular revealed to him, as he thought, the whole drift of Manning's intention. It was written in black and white in the Constitutions of the English Oblates that a

priest of the Congregation could be recalled from the mission he was serving at the will of the Superior. Now, the original rule of St. Charles asserted no such right. He pointed out this fact to the Cardinal with some bitter comments. Wiseman, with Manning's full approval, erased the rule. But even this did not bring about peace. Errington declared that the Provost was scheming to have the direction of the seminaries put into his hands in order to introduce into them his pet Italian devotions. He even prevailed on the Cardinal's nephew—the boy addressed as "Dearest Willie" in Wiseman's letters—to leave the Oblates, persuading him that he was in no very respectable company. The matter had come to such a pass that in 1858 it was brought before the Chapter. The clergy took sides; the old priests, never too indulgent towards the "convert parson," and disliking the astuteness which they declared was written in every line of his sharp, ascetic features, opposed him strongly. The Cardinal stood for Manning, and his loyalty cost him dear. He found his closest friends ranged against him—Searle, his secretary, with whom he had been on terms of intimacy for many years, his nephew, and his Coadjutor. The Provost was ordered to lay the rules of the Oblates before the Capitulars for examination. This he refused to do on the grounds that

the Chapter was overstepping its rights. The Cardinal, incensed at the action of the Capitulars, which he considered insulting to his dignity, annulled their proceedings. An appeal to Rome was drawn up against Wiseman's arbitrary conduct by Dr. Errington. A kind of small schism was opened, and the painful circumstances attending it weighed heavily on the Cardinal's sensitive spirit. The men who sided against him were the friends of a lifetime, friends whom he had treated with the *abandon* of intimacy, friends whom he had frequently entertained at his table because he liked their company and felt at home with them. In his letters of this period he refers pathetically again and again to the unhappy reversals brought about by the questions which had arisen. "My Coadjutor," he writes to Bishop Patterson, "has been acting as solicitor against me in a law suit. . . . I literally have not a soul to speak to. . . . Is it not strange that almost all the plotting and the drawing up of documents against me should have taken place under my own roof, and by my three *familiarissimi*—my Coadjutor, my Vicar-General, and my Secretary."

Rome, proverbially slow to give a definite decision, when it heard the details of the case referred the settlement to an English Synod. Wiseman could bear the brunt of a battle, when the mere excitement bore

him up, but inaction was extremely wearisome to him. Now he could do nothing but mark time, and the delay told upon his already much-impaired health. He grew apprehensive of the result, he continually revolved the pros and cons of the case, and the anxiety so pressed upon him that he took ill. However, he recovered sufficiently before the Synod, which was held in July, 1859, and had the pleasure of knowing that it confirmed his judgment against the Westminster Chapter, and expressed its disapprobation with the unseemly conduct of Dr. Errington. Nevertheless it was necessary for him to go to Rome and secure the removal of the Coadjutor. Pius IX. sent him consoling letters, assuring him of a speedy and fortunate conclusion to all his troubles. But before setting out his health again gave way. The heart failure was so complete that he started a month late for Rome, and arrived only two days before Dr. Errington.

Both drew up a statement of the case for the Holy See. Wiseman's paper was elaborately worked out, point by point, and was, in consequence, greatly delayed. But the care which he lavished upon his *scrittura* was not the only cause of its late appearance. The loneliness of his life in England had been so oppressive, that now, when he found himself among friends, he seized

every opportunity of enjoyment, attended social gatherings, went on picnics into the country, threw himself into all amusements that were available, just like a schoolboy let loose from school. "The chief cause of the delay," wrote Mgr. Talbot, "is Cardinal Wiseman himself. He is writing a most voluminous *scrittura*, and he is like a child. Every amusement interferes with it." When it was ultimately submitted to the Cardinals they declared it to be a wonderful piece of work, a masterly treatise on Canon Law. They gave the case against Dr. Errington, and in March, 1860, the Pope sent for the Coadjutor and asked him to resign, offering him instead the Archbishopric of Trinidad. Errington refused to resign, saying that he would obey an order but would not resign of his own accord. The upshot of the whole affair was that he was dismissed from his position in the diocese of Westminster, and spent the remainder of his days at Prior Park, where he died in 1886. From what we know of the man we can draw no other conclusion than that he acted conscientiously in all he did, because he feared things would go ill with the Church if the Cardinal's policy were directed by designing persons who looked mainly to their own emolument. His suspicions were groundless, and herein lay his whole sin.

While his suit was progressing favour-

ably the Cardinal's health was very precarious, and before the final verdict was given, the symptoms had become so threatening that an operation was deemed necessary. He bore the pain with admirable fortitude; and few things test a man's virtue like severe physical pain, which seems to crawl through the blood and eat out the very kernel of his manhood. Wiseman, though his sufferings were acute, was more concerned for the needs of others than his own, and those who tended his sick-bed said that his genuine kindliness, though put to so severe a proof, did not forsake him for an instant. Manning, the last person in the world to speak of anybody in the superlative degree, was sincerely enthusiastic: "There has been a greatness about him," he wrote, "quite in proportion to his other powers." Still, the Cardinal hovered for days between life and death, rallying and falling back so frequently that those who watched him feared he would never see England again. At last, however, on July 12th, Manning reports to Bishop Patterson that the illustrious patient is well on the road to recovery.

These years of suffering and disappointment were not, however, completely barren of consolation. In 1858, when the quarrel with Errington and the Chapter was at its height, the Bishop of Clonfert asked

Wiseman to preach at the opening of a new church in Ballinasloe, and in a happy moment he accepted the invitation. He crossed over to Ireland in the autumn, and the hearty reception given to him took him quite by surprise. Not only was he a man distinguished by manifold accomplishments, a Cardinal of the Church, a near friend of the Pope, and an Irishman besides, but he was the representative of that spiritual authority which stands for so much in the movement of things which, to a nation like the Irish, is supreme. The Catholic instinct of the people was stirred. They looked on the Cardinal's coming as a gracious visitation, an occasion for rejoicing. His journey through the country was a triumphal progress. He was fêted, he was sought after, he was pressed to speak at railway stations, everywhere, in fact, where he was compelled to stay for more than five minutes. And his resource was wonderful. Though his speeches during the short tour in Ireland fill a volume of 400 pages, there is nothing in them which is indiscreet, nothing which could give offence to any party. The task was a difficult one, requiring no ordinary amount of tact, for burning questions were being discussed all around him ; and it is remarkable that in his many addresses, though he always spoke to the point, he so far avoided bringing a disagreeable

subject on the *tapis*, that Protestants, as well as Catholics, were loud in his praise.

His sermon at Ballinasloe was an eloquent one, for he was stirred by the enthusiasm of the moment. At the presentation of addresses which followed it, the Cardinal thanked the people for their kindness, and congratulated them on their tenacity in keeping the Faith. "The day now nearly spent," he said, "is one to be marked with a white stone; indeed, I shall never forget it. The incidents of it will continue in my memory fresh as at this moment, and for ever shall I be grateful for the reception I have met with from my most reverend and right reverend brethren; from priests to whose deserts it is not necessary I should bear witness, for their power in word and work is to be seen in the virtues of their flocks; and from the vast multitude whose welcome still rings in my ears; and, my Lord Bishop of Clonfert, I shall surely not forget my obligations to your lordship for having given me the opportunity of so much enjoyment. I was happy to have it in my power to oblige your lordship, whom I so much respect, . . . but you, my lord, have reversed the obligation."

Wiseman stayed some time longer in the country than he had originally intended, for this was a moment of pure joy. He lectured in Dublin, at the Rotunda, on "Ornamental Stained Glass found in the

Catacombs," with great fluency and vividness, describing minutely objects which he had not seen for years, but which were still fresh in his clinging memory. He preached his last sermon in Ireland at St. Andrew's, Westland Row, and on September 17th he sailed from Kingstown, and went back again to face opposition and a house divided against itself; but with a greater buoyancy after this short period of forgetfulness so crowded with pleasant memories.

After 1860 the Cardinal's government became more rigid. This change was due partly to the influence of Manning, which was now in the ascendant, partly to the troubles with the leaders of the liberal movement in France and Italy in which the Papacy was entangled. Since the Pope's rights were regarded with jealous eyes by a section among his own subjects, Wiseman thought that the only safe policy was an uncompromising Ultramontanism. It would at least act as an antidote to the infection which was only too prevalent. He was unfavourable to Catholic parents sending their sons to Oxford or Cambridge, where, though the culture was wide and the opportunities of the best, false ideas might be imbibed which were likely to unsettle their faith or at least undermine their loyalty to the Holy See. He even proposed to Manning the establishment of an Academia which would take the place

of the Universities, and where the whole education would be under Catholic control. Manning was, of course, enthusiastic, for the plan met his own views. It was absolutely necessary to fill the Catholic youth with the Roman spirit, and an institution such as the Cardinal sketched would do this admirably. So the College was opened, and Wiseman gave the Inaugural Address on June 29th, 1861, in which he put forward the opinion that the Church should embody what is best in every age, and declared, with prophetic assurance, that this College would not be merely a seat of medieval learning but a place where modern scholars would be taught on Catholic principles. But neither Manning nor the Cardinal knew much about education or the drawing up of curricula. They neglected to consult those who might be expected to have some experience in the matter, and, as a consequence, their plan ended in a dismal failure.

The Church in England had, during the last few years, passed through a crisis. Important questions were raised which called for some solution, and not a little bitterness had been shown in the process. But now that the battle was ended the Cardinal realized that though he had lost much that was very dear to him, his position was secure. A body of young priests was of late growing up around him, who,

inoculated with some of his intrepidity and zeal, looked up to him as their natural leader. The Oblates of St. Charles, too, were doing good work among the poor, and loyalty to the Holy See was spreading in England. Though his last enterprise was unfortunate, most of the Cardinal's plans had worked out successfully. There was, in consequence, little to trouble him now. The closing years of his life were years of intense bodily suffering, it is true, but he was at peace, his mind was at ease.

CHAPTER VI

LAST YEARS

Cardinal Wiseman had done his life's work. After the illness in Rome during 1860 the shadows began to close in upon him. He lived more and more in the past, as all old men do whose powers are failing and for whom the future holds little in store. Besides, the past had been crowded with important movements wherein he had played the part of a leader, and retrospection brought them so close to him again that the weary days of sickness and inaction seemed to be alive with stirring events. He talked of the Popes he had seen crowned, the persons he had met, of a thousand things which were of world-

wide interest, and which had in one way or another claimed his attention. Occasionally he used to allude to the distressing quarrel he had but lately witnessed, for memories are sweet even though they be painful. In business matters he leant more and more on Manning. He consulted the Provost on every occasion and acquiesced in his decision; and it was well known that he had marked him out as his successor in the See of Westminster.

In these last years, when he had little energy to throw himself into the tide of affairs, he grew more introspective. He thought frequently of death, of the strange passage hence, and the mysterious other life for which we were born. The supernatural seemed so very near now—so near indeed as to be almost tangible—that he appeared to learn religion over again. He was like a child once more, sitting in the nursery turning over the pages of a picture-book—and the pictures were of martyrs, and confessors, and kings who had left all to follow Christ. The idea struck him as fascinating because of its novelty; it seemed to come to him at first hand though he knew it was ridiculously old. Yes, but he had seldom seen things just in this light before, but rather like a man in a dark place guessing at the figures he sees dancing through a sunbeam on the ceiling, in a kind of *camera obscura*. His illnesses made him far-

sighted. The constant and conscious fight against a fatal disease, which, at times, vigorously assailed the barriers of life, and at times endeavoured to creep in at an unguarded moment, impressed on him a certain pathetic wistfulness, a dreaminess, which some among his associates interpreted as an ineradicable gloom, but which, in reality (as his more intimate friends were aware) covered a deep sympathy with all that lived and moved.

However, he by no means cut himself off from public affairs, but readily took his full share of active work as far as his health permitted. In August, 1863, he went to the Congress of Malines, and read a paper on "The History of Catholicism in England," which created a small sensation. When Father Herbert Vaughan (afterwards Cardinal Vaughan) approached him on the question of founding a college for the training of foreign missionary priests, he gave his approval immediately. The scheme was a wide one, arduous, and sure to be fruitful of splendid results, and it appealed, in consequence, to Wiseman's imaginative temperament. Besides, many years before, when he was perplexed with difficulties concerning the Faith, a saintly old Roman priest had advised him to devote himself to some active work—the foreign missions, perhaps. Ever since then the thought had occupied Wiseman, and now

it looked like a special blessing from God that one of his young priests, whose piety and ideals he had largely moulded, should be anxious to promote an enterprise which he had had no opportunity to carry through. Wherefore, when Father Vaughan started for America in December, 1863, the Cardinal's letters followed him, reiterating again and again his good wishes and his sentiments of kind encouragement.

Though the estrangements from dear friends had left a gap in Wiseman's life which could hardly be filled up at his advanced age, yet the striking change in public opinion towards him compensated him slightly for the greater loss. The frequent notices in the Press about him were invariably flattering. Even the papers which had attacked him most bitterly in 1850 had nothing but praise and sympathy for him now. People had come to recognize his big-heartedness, his wide erudition, his sterling worth. He had come as a prophet to his own countrymen, and had been badly received. He had been for many years an exile in his own land. But latterly the ban was removed, the ostracism tacitly repealed, and invitations were showered upon him by Catholics and non-Catholics alike. Learned societies asked him, with every mark of respect, to accept their titles, saying that they would be honoured by having such an illustrious name as his upon their list of

members. His lectures, moreover, attracted large audiences, though we notice that the strong intellect is growing weak, that the development of the subject is not so rigidly logical as it used to be, that the phrases do not bite. People had heard so much about him that they came to see what he was like, and they were not a little surprised that though he was a Catholic priest, he was simple and straightforward. So high, indeed, did his popularity arise that the National Committee and the Working-men's Shakespeare Committee waited upon him and pressed him to deliver a lecture on Shakespeare for the tercentenary celebration. His health was so uncertain that he wavered between consent and refusal. However, he was anxious to accept the invitation because he thought that this chance of identifying himself publicly as head of the Catholic Church in England with a national movement should not be missed. Finally, he agreed to the proposal, and the lecture was fixed for January, 1865. He set about preparing it immediately, but before the time arranged for its delivery he was struck down by the illness which carried him off. His suggestion, however, to take this opportunity of editing Shakespeare suitably, with engravings by the best living artists, met with general acceptance.

On January 15th he fell suddenly ill,

and his state was so critical that the Last Sacraments were administered. He rallied, but he never again left the house. Now, when he was about to leave the world, the memories of the past crowded in upon him and he spoke of his experiences with the zest of a dying man whose chief earthly delight is centred in his recollections. He referred frequently to his vivid life at Rome, to his pleasant holidays at Monte Porzio. "I can see the colour of the chestnut trees," he said, "and Camaldoli and the top of Tusculum. What a beautiful view it is from our refectory window! A new-comer does not value Monte Porzio properly. It takes a hard year's work in Rome to enable you to appreciate it. I loved it dearly. I keep a picture of it in my bedroom both here and at Leyton. They have kept the Pope's chair in the place where I used to sit. I got that gold chair for Pope Leo's reception, and I always used it afterwards. I used to sit there writing for hours when everyone was in bed, and then I would refresh myself by a look out of the open window into the moonlight night."

On February 2nd he asked to be carried down to the drawing-room because the bedroom was too small to accommodate the Canons whom he wished to receive before he died. He foresaw everything. He made arrangements for his funeral with

perfect composure, impressing upon his master of ceremonies that he wanted everything the Church gives, down to the holy water.

On the 5th the Canons assembled around him for the last time. It was a sad meeting. Wiseman was invested in his cardinalitial robes and the archiepiscopal cross stood at the foot of the bed. Father Maguire read the Profession of Faith, and when the book was given to the Cardinal to kiss, he said: "Put it down": and laying his hand upon it he continued: "I wish to express before the Chapter that I have not, and never have had in my whole life, the very slightest doubt or hesitation on any one of the Articles of this Faith; I have always endeavoured to teach it; and I transmit it intact to my successor." He then kissed the Missal, saying, "Sic me Deus adjuvet et haec Sancta Dei Ecclesia." And he added, "I now wish to receive Extreme Unction as the seal of my Profession of Faith."

When he had been anointed he spoke a few words to the Canons as they stood around his bed, and remembering the dissensions of the last few years he exhorted them to foster a greater charity one for another, and to be ready to sacrifice personal considerations in the face of larger issues. Then he blessed them, and they left the room.

After this he lay in a kind of trance, almost motionless. He seemed to be meditating on heaven. At times he would endeavour to speak, but his memory failed and the right words would not come. Occasionally a luminous phrase would burst through the incoherent medley and reveal the trend of his thoughts. Father Morris, who watched by him constantly, heard him say, "Rush through the angels into God"; and after an interval, "I never heard of anyone being tired of the stars."

The burden of his pain was almost insupportable, but he bore it with admirable fortitude. He knew that it could not last much longer, that the end would come soon. And nothing better shows his cheerful frame of mind at this terrible time than those memorable words, "I feel like a schoolboy going home for the holidays."

Provost Manning had been summoned in haste from Rome, but when he arrived Wiseman did not appear to recognize him. The Cardinal continued to sink slowly, and early on the morning of 15th February he died while Manning was saying Mass for him. He had done much good during his life and but little harm. And we may say of him, without any exaggeration, what Lord Morley has quoted as having been said of Mr. Gladstone, that "on the day he died the world lost one of its greatest citizens."

Cardinal Wiseman had set out with ambitions which many deemed Quixotic, but he had realized most of them, if not all. What more can be accredited to any man? We lay our little plans, we work through our brief day, and we must be thankful if we have achieved some small measure of success. And what is the history of the nations but the record of long longings imperfectly—oh, how imperfectly!—realized?

The body was taken to the Pro-Cathedral at Moorfields, and there it lay in state till Thursday, the 23rd. Crowds flocked to catch a last glimpse of the man who had led so strange a revolution. A large body of police was stationed in the church to keep order. But they were hardly needed. The people seemed awed. An eye-witness writes as follows:—

"Their consciousness of the solemn and sorrowful character of the occasion was evinced by their orderly arrangement and their grave and reverent demeanour. It was curious to note that concourse, so large yet so decorous—curious to listen to their subdued speech when they hardly spoke, it might be said, above their breath."

Manning preached the funeral oration at the Requiem Mass. Wiseman had laid the duty upon him shortly before he died, and the Provost rose to the occasion. He spoke with lofty eloquence of the great

Cardinal who had shown the Catholics of England the ways in which to set their feet, whose hands had consecrated many of the priests who chanted the Office of the Dead around him. And after describing Wiseman's work and character, the preacher closed with this splendid peroration: "And some will cherish above all these visions of greatness and of glory, the calm and sweet countenance of their best and fastest friend and father, lying in the dim light of his chamber—not of death, but of transit to his crown. These things are visions; but they are substance. *Transit gloria mundi*, as the flax burns in fire. But these things shall not pass away.

"Bear him forth, right reverend fathers and dear brethren in Jesus Christ; bear him forth to the green burial-ground on the outskirts of this busy wilderness of men. It was his desire to die and to be buried, not amid the glories of Rome, but in the midst of his flock, the first Archbishop of Westminster. Lay him in the midst of that earth as a shepherd in the midst of his sheep, near to the holy Cross, the symbol of his life, work, and hope; where the pastors he has ordained will be buried one by one, resting in a circle round about him in death, as they laboured round about him in life. He will be among us still, his name, his form, his words, his patience, his love of souls will be our law,

our rebuke, our consolation. And yet not so; it is but the body of this death which you bear forth with tears and loving veneration. He is not here; he will not be there. He is already where the Great Shepherd of the sheep is numbering His elect, and those who led them to the fold of eternal life. And the hands which have so often blessed you, which anointed you for the altar, fed you with the Bread of Life, are already lifted up in prayer, unceasing day or night, for us one by one, for England, for the Church in all the world."

The whole route to Kensal Green Cemetery was thronged. Never since the state funeral of the Duke of Wellington had London witnessed such a sight. A deep sorrow rested on everyone and the country mourned as for a national calamity.

CHAPTER VII

THE MAN AND HIS WORK

As has been pointed out earlier in this book, the English Catholics, when Wiseman came among them, were utterly incapable of taking the initiative, partly on account of the evil times they had witnessed in the past which prompted them to court seclusion, and partly on

account of the uninvigorating atmosphere in which they had been brought up. He came just when a leader was most called for; and a leader, moreover, of such standing and personal accomplishments as might lend distinction to the cause he upheld, while, at the same time, pushing it forward with the vigorous insistence of an enthusiast. By the year Wiseman arrived in England he had won for himself a considerable reputation in polite letters. Those who were competent to judge promised him a brilliant future in his own branch of scholarship, for he was still young. His talents were sufficiently well known, and his name sufficiently famous, to obtain a hearing for any cause which he championed. Besides, though he came from without, where his enthusiasm was not likely to be damped by uncongenial surroundings, he was in close sympathy with the English Catholics, for he had lived their life, he had tasted of their bitterness, he had been educated among them during the most impressionable years of boyhood, and he knew their cast of mind, their excellencies and their shortcomings. The "moment" was favourable for a great enterprise, and little was needed to inspire Wiseman to undertake it.

The factor that made most for success, more than his vast learning or his skill in controversy, was his singular breadth of view.

He could see two sides of a question. Even at the end of his life, at an age when men lapse almost unavoidably into old-fogeyism, and receive our sympathy, as though they had fallen unavoidably upon an evil fortune, he was capable of apperception, of taking in new ideas and arranging them after an orderly manner among the old ones in his house of thought. He was in no sense of the word a bigot or a partisan, though intimately persuaded that the ideals he stood for made most for the movement of things in this world. He had seen too much of life to be insular; his intercourse with men had been so varied and interesting, he had studied so many different systems in operation, that he never considered one point of view exclusively the best. He scarcely even belonged to any nationality, though his national characteristics were most unmistakable. In politics he was a cosmopolitan, as he was a Catholic in religion. And above all things else he was an idealist, seeking always a perfect embodiment for his ideals, which, while it may not be attainable in our present state of existence, shuts out effectually, at least, a narrow interpretation of success. For him the ideal was the real, because it is the ultimate goal towards which Nature herself tends in all her workings, though with halting gait and many turnings aside. He was not, however, an idealist of that dreamy and languorous type

which satisfies itself with high thoughts and beautiful imaginings, and is ready to dispense with the necessities of life if it can but secure the luxuries. Rather, he was content to reduce his claims to a minimum in order to fit them to a very unideal state of society, and thereby make it more perfect. He had come to realize, after some distressing failures, that success is to be measured by time and opportunity and not by some ideal standard.

Paradoxical as it may seem, a man possessing such a mental outlook was the very one needed for the practical well-being of the Church in England. For how does it work out? Some of the most eminent men in the Anglican body had given Catholic theology a fair hearing and had adopted its standpoint. They left the Church in which they had been brought up, and joined the Catholic Church, bringing with them their intellectual equipment, which was of rare quality, and, as was only natural, some of their idiosyncrasies. They had struck out for themselves, and what man deliberately violates even, say, the convenances of life, unless he be possessed of strong individualizing traits which amount, not infrequently, to positive eccentricities? Some of their ways were not congenial to the old Catholics and gave offence. But even before they threw in their lot with the Catholic Church the old

Catholics suspected them. Two propositions were put forward by the old party to explain the novel course of action which had lately found favour at the University. If the Oxford School (so the statements ran) did not cut themselves adrift from Anglicanism and embrace Catholicism, then it was quite clear that their whole object was, in spite of their fair words and eloquent protestations, to dupe the Catholic Church of her inheritance; and if they did, then it was because they were attracted by the outward grandeur, the æsthetic effect, of the Church's ceremonial, looking on Catholicism as a kind of elegant accomplishment, like a taste for music or any other art. It seemed as if they were anxious to place Newman and his friends on the horns of a dilemma, but fortunately they forgot one of the most elementary rules of logic. Neither term met the case in point: the first being utterly false and the second only half true, and, therefore, if anything, more dangerous still. But meanwhile something had to be done; the two parties had to be brought closer together. And Wiseman was sent by Divine Providence to bring about the amalgamation. With that sanity which, they say, is the mark of true genius, he saw exactly the position of both sides. His own love for art and ceremonial helped him to appreciate the appreciations of the con-

verts. He knew by his own experience that the liturgy of the Church satisfied something far deeper than a love of beauty, that it was the voice of the soul, the language of insatiable and mysterious longings, the expression of that strange clash of desires on some battle-ground within us. He therefore welcomed the Oxford converts with open arms because he saw further than most people could penetrate into the reasons of their faith. He hoped, too, that they would render him valuable and immediate assistance in a way in which no other body could give it —they would act as *avant-couriers* between the Catholic and Protestant camps, and thus bring about, perhaps, the speedy accomplishment of his dream—the conversion of England to the old Faith. On the other hand, Wiseman had lived too long in that old English College at Rome, which had sent forth martyrs and priests innumerable during the terrible days of persecution, not to entertain a deep reverence for the remnant of the English Catholics. He hoped that they might leaven this new mass with something of their steadfastness, their cautious conservatism, their solid piety. Thus, refusing to take the view of one party only, he adopted a *via media*, by the principles of which he could rule one body cherishing common aspirations and a common end. He held

out his hands to both, inducing them by his kindness and considerateness to place their confidence in him, thus centring in his own person the obedience which neither would give to the other. He succeeded admirably. And when we understand how great the difficulties were, yet how peculiarly suitable he was to grapple with them, we may well exclaim :

"Even the blind can see a Providence here."

In spite of his zeal for the Church and his anxiety for her welfare, in spite of the fact that he was ready to admit converts on the easiest conditions, Wiseman was no proselytiser. He respected another's opinions scrupulously, and always gave him the credit of holding them at the dictate of conscience. Gladstone picked out this characteristic as the most remarkable when he visited Wiseman at the English College in Rome ; and this sensitive reverence for the person whom he was talking to was very noticeable in the Cardinal's conversation. He would pour out a store of information on all kinds of subjects, not as though he were instructing his listeners in certain matters whereof they were lamentably ignorant, but as if he took it for granted that they had heard such things times without number, and had merely forgotten them. He was endowed with the unpre-

tending simplicity of the true gentleman, the courtliness, the urbanity born of fine perceptions. Consequently, he was most approachable by persons of all classes and creeds. In no sense of the word a democrat, he was nevertheless a lover of the poor, and they for their part always felt at home with him. Children were never afraid of him, and the educated found him a delightful companion. At the studios which he frequented he met Kean, the actor, and Dickens. The novelist spoke of him admiringly, saying that the Cardinal always impressed him as a well-informed and cultured gentleman. Kean probably inferred from Wiseman's genial manner that he might take certain liberties even after a short and casual acquaintance, for when he was puzzled as to how he should dress as Cardinal Wolsey in "Henry VIII." he drove to York Place, Wiseman's town residence, and put his difficulty. The Cardinal immediately sent for his robes and vested himself, telling the history of each part of the apparel with the greatest affability.

He did not wear this considerateness and urbanity on stated occasions only, when he met comparative strangers on whom he wished to make a good impression; he showed it to those who lived in the same house with him, and even to his servants. On one occasion when a play he had written,

was about to begin, he looked all round, perfectly pleased with himself, and noticing that the housekeeper was absent, he would not allow the curtain to rise until she came: "She must not miss the fun," he said. His government was mild. When Rector of the English College he mixed freely with the students, wrote dramas for them, and arranged the music. Only once is he reported to have administered a sharp rebuke, and then it was richly deserved. As Archbishop he was always accessible to his priests; he listened to their grievances and difficulties, and endeavoured, as far as it lay in his power, to redress, or at least lighten, them. When it was necessary to call attention to a misdemeanour he did so with evident pain, and with kind considerateness, knowing that in pointing out a fault, as in conferring a favour, the manner counts for more than the action itself. And though many of his priests fell out with him over a point of law, over a dispute touching the validity of certain rights, they always acknowledged that in the exercise of these rights he was indulgent and humane. So accustomed had his subjects become to a beneficient rule, that one community of nuns declared they would quit the diocese, should Dr. Errington, who always enforced the full rigour of the law, succeed to the See of Westminster.

Though liberal and conciliatory to an

extent which provoked hostile criticism from the Catholics themselves, in all matters where the frailty of human nature was to be taken into account, he stood strongly for dogmatism in doctrine. This was the fixed ideal along which his whole life developed, which he impressed irresistibly on circumstances as they change and vanish. When it came to a question of what the converts might hold and what they might not, how far they might give their assent to the whole of Catholic dogma or how far they might withhold it with regard to certain portions that gave them difficulty, he would enter upon no compromise. He gave them to understand that the Catholic Church was, of her very nature, rigidly exclusive, that her authority must be accepted as final in all questions touching faith or morals. Only with such a safeguard, he thought, could the Christian religion be preserved intact. Though his policy was invariably one of conciliation, partly from a feeling for the fitness of things and partly from intellectual reasons, he never for one instant waived the claim of the Catholic Church to be the sole guardian of Christian Revelation. Controversy was always distasteful to him, for he was genial and even easygoing by nature, yet he entered into it with no little zest when this cardinal principle was attacked.

In his old age he caused some surprise among those who knew him best by apparently contradicting the whole tendency of his life in seeking to establish a University, which would, for Catholics, take the place of Oxford and Cambridge. It was undoubtedly a chimerical undertaking as things then went, and perhaps in a saner moment he would never have undertaken it. But so far from its being an antinomy, it was, on the contrary, the result of his own particular bent, the stretching to impossible lengths the ideal which he had set up for himself from his earliest years. Where a man less learned or less venturesome might have said that modern learning (and especially modern scientific learning) was so hopelessly perverse that it should be eschewed by Catholics, and would consequently have advised them to keep clear of the Universities, without providing anything in their stead, Wiseman, by reason of that strange blending of Liberalism and Conservatism which we find in his character, considered that the Church should embrace all that was best in modern thought and lead it along the right lines of development. He did not discountenance science, but he thought science should enroll itself under the banner of the Church. Whether he was correct in this view or not we are not prepared to say, but he had sufficiently good grounds for forming it.

He knew, as most educated men know, that there is always something over and above the given in experience; that we can never understand anything perfectly in this world—not the inner essence of a flower or a crystal—simply because they are the expression of the Will of God, and our categories of thought are not wide enough to cover their full meaning. They await an explanation under a clearer air and a more illuminating experience. But, nevertheless, we are so constituted that our minds crave a theoretical equivalent for the many facts that force themselves upon our notice every moment of our lives; and in spite of the many dusty answers we receive when "hot for certainties" in this world, we persevere in our attempt. We should not, for this reason, be so captivated by the brilliance of a novel hypothesis which has no more than a probability on the face of it, as to be ready to give up the splendid inheritance of Faith which has been handed down through the centuries, and which alone makes the lives of multitudes worth living at all. He, therefore, formed the plan of founding an Academia, where modern scholarship would be taught to the students, but under Catholic auspices, and in a sane spirit of deference to larger and more vital truths. In this way he hoped to provide every facility for the attainment

of rare learning and culture, while eliminating some of the dangers attendant upon the pursuit of them.

Wiseman's own reading had carried him far afield into literature, art, politics, law, and finance, besides his special philological researches. His range of knowledge was indeed encyclopædic, and a lesser man, with his variety of tastes, might easily have degenerated into a *dilettante*. Among the modern poets Tennyson was his favourite; of the Italian poets he praised Dante alone; he spoke highly of Calderon; and among the painters Perugino was the one he liked best. As a conversationalist he was unequalled, sometimes listless enough, and sometimes brilliant and incisive, surprising everybody by the breadth of his information. On one occasion, while in Jersey, he rather embarrassed the general commanding the forces there by showing a more accurate acquaintance with the organization and condition of the army than the general himself could lay claim to. There was a rich vein of humour in him, and he told a good story inimitably with delightful relish. But a great deal depended on the whim of the moment: he was swayed about by his feelings as the moonlight is by the clouds that race across its path. If he was joyful, if things were going well with him, then the world was a fair place to live in, and everybody

around him shared in the exhilaration of his happiness: he dispensed to others with an expansive charity his best and happiest thoughts, and did not hoard them for his own enjoyment, like a miser. But if he was depressed he found it difficult to shake off, even for a few hours, the anxiety that lay at his heart. However, he was always a good listener, and this is the first essential for success in conversation. He was always ready to learn about anything, and from whatsoever source. If he was bored it was never by ignorance but rather by pedantry or charlatanism. He was interested in everything. During the Arctic expedition of 1851 he received frequent letters from Mr. Donnet, one of the explorers, describing the progress they were making and the extent of their discoveries. And when the "penny post" was being discussed, the Cardinal sent to Sir Rowland Hill an elaborate scheme for the working of the new measure, should it ever become law.

As we have shown, he turned his vast knowledge to very useful account by lecturing in public on widely different subjects on every suitable opportunity. Apart from the instruction and entertainment these lectures gave to the audience, they benefited the Catholic Church in England, by showing to people brought up in an atmosphere of narrow prejudice, that a man thoroughly versed in secular knowledge, well

abreast of modern scholarship, and standing by his own right on a footing of equality with the clearest thinkers of his age, could still hold the Faith with the simplicity of a child; and that Catholicism was not, after all, a collection of old-wives' tales, fit only for the simple and the credulous, but a complete system of thought which a powerful intellect could assent to in preference to any other. Mr. de Lisle did not overestimate the value of the Cardinal's work when he wrote as follows: "The way that I hear your Eminence spoken of by men of all classes, from the statesman to the civil engineer, assures me that your Eminence's lectures upon general subjects are doing more—a thousand times more—than all the controversies in the world to win the heart of old England."

When Wiseman was interested in a project his energy was untiring. The "Appeal to the English People," so masterly in conception and execution, was written in a few days; the "Hidden Gem," a delightful little play for a convent school, was composed in a single night; and in 1839 he writes to his mother telling her that he had preached ninety times and travelled 1,600 miles in the short space of six weeks. If an enterprise appealed to his imagination he laboured at it might and main. But he had the faults of his virtues. When the interest flagged his enthusiasm grew

cold. He could conceive grandly, but he could not work out his conceptions detail by detail. The mere office-work of administration he positively loathed. When the Vicar-General went into his study in the morning Wiseman would often greet him cheerily with, "No business to-day, Dr. Whitty." He had something more interesting on hand—a copy of Latin verses, perhaps, to be sent off by the next post, or a charade for the children of the Count de Torre Diaz. But the business was pressing and demanded immediate attention. There was only one way of winning over the Cardinal that Dr. Whitty knew of. So he told an amusing story, and while Wiseman was laughing at the point, got his signature.

Wiseman's capacity for feeling, for the wide play of the emotional faculties, accounts for most of his shortcomings and virtues. For, Celt that he was, he saw, with a strange clearness of vision, through the glow of the emotions, things and the secrets of things, which hardly, if ever, meet the cold gaze of the mental eye. He was endowed with a rare impressionableness to every passing influence, a gracious sensibility, which, drawing on an inner and more stable economy, clothes with its own peculiar felicity or sadness the transitory occurrences of life. But this imaginative power, the choicest gift, perhaps,

which the gods can bestow on mortal man, was, partly through a defective early training, and partly through a lack of natural taste or tact, allowed too free a rein. In his writings and sermons, for instance, in the midst of a great deal that is admirable, how much do we find which offends against the sense of propriety in these matters! And even an amateur skill in self-criticism, in self-repression, would have stood him in good stead, for he frequently gave offence, when he least intended to do so, by neglecting to weigh or carefully choose his words, or by an off-handedness and abruptness of manner, when he was engrossed in his own affairs. He was never taught (and he never acquired the art) how to abide by a reasonable theory of values: for him it was all light or all darkness; there were no soft shadows, and mellow tones. So fully did he trust the "larger hope" that he was perplexed and troubled when it seemed to fail him: and he was downhearted till new and glorious possibilities suggested themselves to him. As an instance of the manner in which he took failure to heart, even when he was in no way to blame, we may quote the fact that when Mr. Sibthorpe, one of the Oxford converts, returned to the Anglican Church, Wiseman spent a whole day in bed. As was but natural to a man of an imaginative and highly-strung tempera-

ment, standing in need of perpetual novelty, he lacked that dogged spirit of perseverance which makes so much for success. He was inclined to pass on from one project to another, like a bee from flower to flower, just taking the sweetness out of each : but the sense of the great interests he had in hand steadied him.

In manner Cardinal Wiseman was slightly pompous, perhaps because he was shy. Though usually preserving an appearance of dignified composure, of unruffled urbanity, at a ceremony he became testy if the most minute formality were omitted ; and Manning once said to him : " I am never afraid of you except when in vestments." When he first returned from Rome as Cardinal he insisted that when he dined out the host should send a line of torchbearers to meet him at the gate, as Roman etiquette prescribed. His table, too, was that of a Cardinal. It was always rather sumptuously supplied, partly for the sake of his friends, and partly because he thought the cardinalitial dignity required that he should make a brave show on these occasions. During Lent as many as four courses of fish were laid before the guests—a menu which struck some of the Oxford converts, who had been used to abstemious living, as a little bit odd, and provoked the witty remark from Father Faber that " the Cardinal has a lobster-

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salad side as well as a spiritual side." Wiseman, too, shocked a few people by the way he spoke about food. But the truth was that he was ready to discuss any human thing, from a work of art or a nice point of law down to an apple pie. He talked of the quality of viands in an impersonal and academic manner, just as he would criticize a picture or a poem. And it is noticeable that, though the peculiar disease he suffered from necessitated frequent and unstinted nourishment, his fare was quite plain.

Naturally shy and self-conscious, Wiseman was constrained and even awkward with people whom he met only casually. He was averse to patching up an intimacy with every chance newcomer, and this not because of any secular wisdom warning him to beware how he wore his heart on his sleeve for daws to peck at, but because of a higher and juster insight into men and things. Neither did he distrust mankind, for he used to say that after losing all trust in God the greatest calamity that could befall one was to lose all trust in men. But he had learnt that it is the divinest charity not to be exigent with men beyond their capabilities. He who makes a friend of every casual acquaintance either holds to no dear ideal or is doomed to disappointment, seeking, in many instances, to draw

water from an empty well. For friendship is a serious contract by which we tacitly hope to give and receive such goods and graces as we value most, not on a hard rule of profit and loss, but on a system of wide generosity. Recompense is called for on one side and the other: and the payment must not be in any coin chosen at hazard, but in kind. Consequently, Wiseman was not a man to be known or rightly appreciated after a single meeting. Bishop Patterson took quite a dislike to him at the beginning of their acquaintance. But he chanced to see Wiseman tending the sick in a Roman hospital, and his attitude completely changed. They became fast friends till death separated them.

To get an insight into the Cardinal's blandness, his genial kindness, it is necessary to read his letters to his intimate friends. Those to his nephew might have been written by a mother's hand, so tender are they. His correspondence with friends more of his own age is delightful reading, for it is full of playful badinage, vile puns, riddles, comic verses in Italian, English and Latin, and all the charming fooleries of good comradeship. Here is one to Bishop Patterson relating to a treat for the Catholic shoeblacks which a kind friend proposed to give:—

"My dear Patterson,—I wish to consult you on a rubrical point of some moment.

Mr. A. B. wants to appoint some *feast*-day for the *shoe*-blacks: I mean, a day to give them a treat yearly. I first thought of SS. Crispin and Crispinian, but the *shoe*-makers have secured that. I ask you, therefore, what you think of the following: *Festus Dies Martini—Feast* [*of*] *Day* [*and*] *Martin?* Would not the 'humourists' greatly approve of so holy an adaptation? Pray come over soon.—NICHOLAS CARDINAL WISEMAN."

He contemplated playing a practical joke on the Vatican, and writes to Canon Walker as follows: "I am going to send a present of salt fish for Lent to the Vatican—salt cod and sounds. I suppose bloaters don't carry. Now, where is the best place to get the best—Scarboro', Whitby, or Hartlepool? Be impartial for once in your life and tell me."

In the company of children the Cardinal always felt at ease. If they were shy it was because they were innocent. And though he was a burly man, strongly built, with shaggy, overhanging eyebrows, they were never afraid of him. One lady told in after-life how indignantly she protested that he was quite handsome, when, as a little girl, she heard somebody say that he was ugly. Her affection had made her blind. In 1839, when Mr. Bagshawe sent Wiseman £10 for his articles in the *Dublin Review*, he sent back the money asking that it might be spent on presents for the

children. Later on in life he frequently went to the seaside with the Merry del Val family, and there he took his holidays, with the children, like a child. He accompanied them on picnics to the country, sat down with them on the grass to an *al fresco* luncheon, played at old games with them, and racked his brains to invent new ones for their amusement—Consequences, How and Where, and others more mysterious still. When he was at home nothing delighted him so much as a visit from his little friends. If Canon Searle, the careful keeper of the purse, were away, the fun became fast and furious. The Cardinal would give minute instructions touching the feast he was going to spread: "Buy some water ices, and some cream ices, and some wafers—but don't tell Searle." On one occasion when Mrs. Lonergan's children were endeavouring to climb on to his shoulder, the mother tried to release him, thinking that their attentions were becoming annoying; but the Cardinal objected: "Let them stay," he said, "I want them to love me." The child's mind, so incommunicable in its joyfulness, so dim a riddle to most because of its simple beauty, was perfectly transparent to him, doubtless because he himself had lived a life of singular innocence. And the children alone did not reap the blessings of that delightful companionship: a share, and

perhaps the larger share, fell to the man; for their laughter entered into his weary days and lit them with gladness; their truthfulness, their buoyancy, were as an anodyne to his pain. As a result of these charming friendships he kept his heart childish to the end, full of a keen relish for the gracious and simple pleasantries of life. The very soul of boyhood breathes in the following short note, written when he was head of the Catholic Church in England and adorned with the most exalted dignities :—

"*January* 1*st*, 1857.

"I have had a most acceptable letter from the Holy Father. To-morrow I have a wedding at 10 o'clock, with the etceteras of breakfasting and casting of slippers—then a dinner elsewhere, and then, hurrah! for Etloe House."

He loved children's books perhaps the best of all. One night, he tells us, he was unable to sleep, so he called for Kingsley's *Water Babies ;* and he adds that he enjoyed it immensely. And Manning said of him "that like his great Exemplar, he might be seen hemmed in with children."

It has been well said that the measure of a man's work is the measure of the service he can render to his fellow-men. And Cardinal Wiseman's service was so great that Pius IX. called him "the man of

Divine Providence for England." Not only did he secure an honourable standing for the Church in England; not only did the number of priests increase under his administration from 434 to 1,242, and the converts from 16 to 162; not only did he restore the Hierarchy and so organize it in a short space that it worked with a sure regularity as if it had existed for years; but he brought back the whole poetry of Catholicism, her architecture, her ceremonial, her monastic life, her beautiful emotional ideal. And he typified in himself not one of her qualities merely, but her myriad-mindedness, her close contact with the various phases of human life. He represented her genius as a poet represents the genius of a country whose ballads he writes; and the ballads are more enduring than the laws. No wonder that when Wiseman died the Pope bewailed his loss as almost irreparable. But the Church in England has made steady progress along the lines he marked out. Her intellectual claims are being fairly considered and are winning their way into the most enlightened circles. Already a splendid cathedral has been built and consecrated in his own diocese of Westminster, and the fruit of his work—whose motto was so appropriately *Omnia pro Christo*—is visible on every side. For the whole Catholic world his very name is an inspiration; and for us, who happily

believe in communion with the dead, he is not so far away, being with the Father of Men—

> "Whence looks he on a land
> Whereon his labour is a carven page;
> And forth from heritage to heritage,
> Naught writ on sand."

THE END

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